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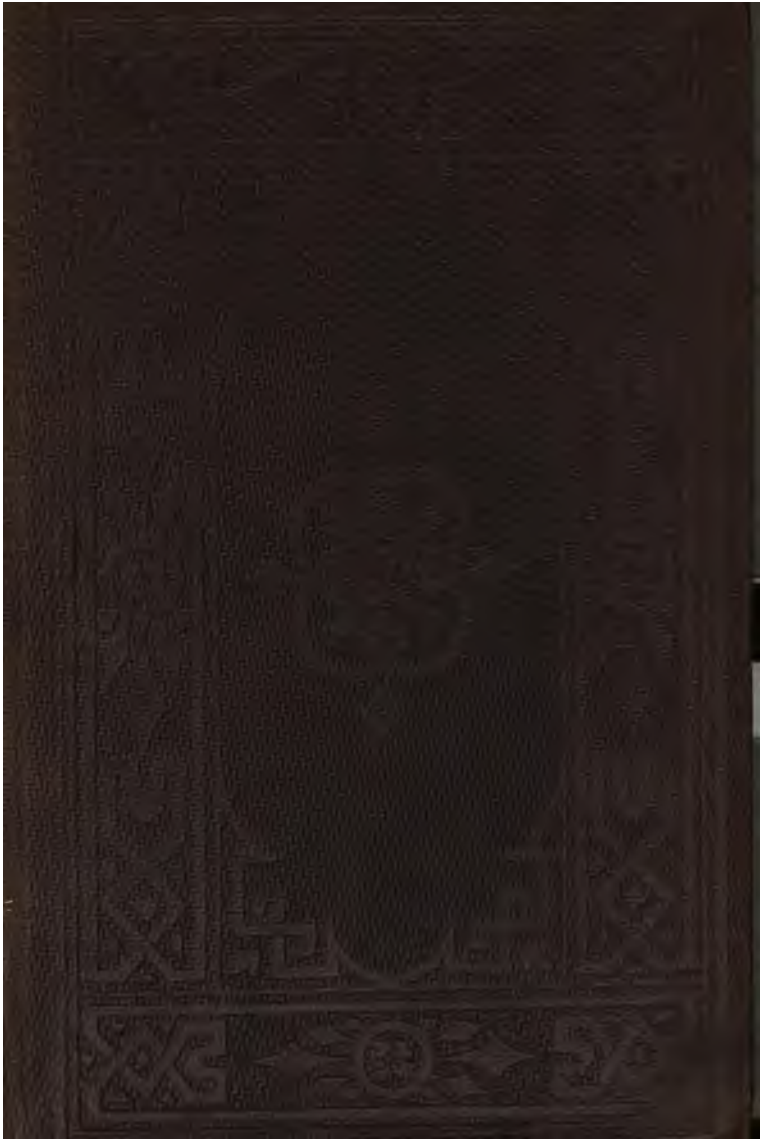

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Yours very truly
Geo Magruder

Religious Tract Society. 1855.

1855.
210. m. 19 a.

Religious Tract Society. 1855.

MEMOIR

OF

OLD HUMPHREY;

WITH

Gleanings from his Portfolio,

IN PROSE AND VERSE.

A NEW EDITION.

LONDON:
THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY;
Instituted 1799.
DEPOSITORIES, 56, PATERNOSTER ROW, 65, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, AND 164, PICCADILLY; SOLD BY THE BOOKSELLERS.

1855.
210. m. 102

CONTENTS.

Memoir.

		Page
I.	Early Life	1
II.	Enters on a Literary Career . .	17
III.	Assumes the Name of "Old Humphrey"	40
IV.	Old Humphrey as a Tourist . .	65
V.	Old Humphrey in Domestic and Social Life	92
VI.	Last Days of Old Humphrey . .	136

The Portfolio.

The Old Man on the Ridgy Point . .	174
The Miser	179
Hallelujah!	180
The Loss of Children	186
A New Carol for Christmas day. . .	195
A Leaf from the Book of Affliction . .	198
To Lady B——, on her Birthday . .	206
The Sunny Sabbath	210
Old Humphrey at Hastings . . .	217
The Night-Season	225
Is there a God?	230
How do you get on?	232
The Wreck	239

Page

The Heath-Flower 244
What are your Points? 247
Old Humphrey on Birthdays . . . 253
Old Humphrey to his Honoured Ancient, on her Ninetieth Birthday . . . 263
Old Humphrey on Mitigations . . . 265
Do you know how much you are Worth? . 272
Anticipation of Heaven . . . 281
The Blackberry Gatherer . . . 282
Sweet and Soothing 287
Bonny Bellefield 294
Moody Minds and Sunny Spirits . . 295
Haste to the Cross 301
If the Cross be thy Anchor . . . 307
I have none but God left now . . . 308
Poetical Miscellanies 311

Published Works. 315

MEMOIR

OF

"OLD HUMPHREY."

CHAPTER I.

EARLY LIFE.

THERE is a natural desire in the mind to become acquainted with those who have instructed and delighted us by their writings; and the feeling of curiosity is the stronger when a mysterious disguise has been thrown over their persons and social position. Many have been the inquiries, "Who is Old Humphrey?" and not a few have been the ingenious devices to penetrate the veil which he had modestly drawn around him. While living, there were reasons why his incognito should be maintained; but now he has laid down his pen, and passed from scenes of useful labour, the veil may be raised, that those who admired his cheerful and godly counsels may be permitted to cherish the memory of his name

with affectionate respect. There is also a duty to the sacred cause of religion when a good man dies—one who has exercised a powerful influence over the feelings and sentiments of thousands—to present some record, however brief, of the fruits of the gracious operation of the Holy Spirit in him, as manifested by his life and labours. That service of Christian friendship we now attempt to discharge.

The covering is withdrawn, and "Old Humphrey" appears in the person of Mr. GEORGE MOGRIDGE, a native of Ashted, one of the suburbs of the town of Birmingham. He was born on the 17th of February, 1787. His grandfather, the Rev. Anthony Mogridge, was vicar of Kimbolton, Worcestershire; his father was extensively engaged as a canal agent, a profitable business in former times, in which he was very successful. His parents appear to have been estimable persons, of decidedly religious character, whose consistent example and affectionate conduct were ever held in grateful remembrance by their son. The home scenes of his childhood were recalled in after life with pious satisfaction. In advancing age he thus gave expression to the power of a mother's piety:—

My mother taught my infant tongue—
A tear was in her eye—
To lisp in prayer, with holy things,
The name of the Most High.

To pray that God would make me fit
To go to heaven, and smiled;—
I put up now the very prayer
She taught me when a child.

The approving smiles of his father and mother were given to his earliest attempts at literary composition, which was not without an influence on his future progress.

The first rudiments of education were received at a village school. At the age of five he left home for a boarding establishment. In a brief autobiographical sketch he left behind him, he thus refers to this period of his life. "The school was in the small village of Boarcote, about a mile from Bromsgrove. Tradition says the name was given to the place on account of a huge wild boar that hid himself in the woods there, ravaging the country around. How this may be, I know not; the wildest boar that I ever saw in the place was my schoolmaster, a man of uncultivated mind and ungovernable temper. I am doing no injustice to his memory in representing him as one of little knowledge, strong prejudices, and unreasonable severity; so

strangely, on one occasion, did his violence operate on my mind, that, smarting with the indignity of being smitten with his fist, I ran away from school,—a course of conduct which I afterwards bitterly lamented. Yet, regarding my old master through the softening influence of years, I have some affection for him in my heart. My schoolmistress, whose tender, gentle, and persuasive voice even now gratefully returns on my memory, used to give us kind and Christian counsel, though she herself had received even less education than her austere husband." In another paper, his reminiscences of the master are referred to. "The celestial and terrestrial globes are of necessity associated in my thoughts with a frowning face, an angry voice, and a clenched fist; and the Latin grammar and a long-lashed hunting-whip are inseparably interwoven in my remembrance. He who has no other assistance in perfecting himself in his *amo, amas*, than that of a hunting-whip, may possibly retain the little he learns; but he is not likely greatly to love his Latin, or greatly to reverence the memory of his master." It is hoped that this schoolmaster is now only to be regarded as a specimen of an extinct genus, and that the days of the clenched fist and the riding-whip have departed for ever.

In contrast with the severity of the principal, was the gentleness of a tutor in the school, towards whom the susceptible boy felt the strongest attachment, and of whom he thus writes: "His frame was so delicately strung, that any violent emotion made him tremble from head to foot. He was learned, pious, and kind; but neither his piety, his kindness, nor his learning, could defend him when excited from a high state of nervousness. Hardly would a fit of the palsy have affected him more visibly than any altercation with another. I remember him with much affection, for the many acts of kindness he performed towards me. We used to pun on his name by saying, 'Mark *Noble*, go where he may, will always be worth a *pound*.'"

The affection of young George Mogridge for one of his schoolfellows was almost romantic. This youth was the son of a merchant, high-spirited, of good abilities, and very daring. They read together books of adventure, became heroes in many boyish enterprises, and exerted a mutual influence on each other's conduct. This early associate afterwards resided for some time in Surinam, and then in Newfoundland. The vessel in which he set sail from the latter place for England not being seaworthy, was never heard of after she left the port. Mr Mogridge,

when in the decline of life, remarked that though he was able distinctly to call to memory the names, persons, and dispositions of more than threescore of his schoolfellows, he was not aware that one of them had reached his own age: then, with his characteristic piety, he added: "Had I no other monitor to remind me of the long-suffering of my heavenly Father, surely this would put the words into my mouth, 'Who am I, O Lord God, and what is my house, that thou hast brought me hitherto?'"

At the age of fourteen, he was placed as an apprentice to the business of a japanner. He well remembered his father encouraging him before he went to the employment, by telling him that it was a kind of work in which he might engage with white ruffles on his wrists, without rumpling them, or soiling his fingers: a state of things, it is hardly necessary to say, he did not realize.

The thoughts and aspirations of the youth soon soared above the ordinary engagements of trade. His father being a subscriber to the Birmingham General Library, the son had the opportunity of gratifying his eager desire after knowledge; and a natural taste for poetry became confirmed by the perusal of some of the best English poets. Chaucer and the illus-

trious Spenser were especial favourites; and his brother was wont playfully to charge him with wearing out his copy of the "Faerie Queene," from its being carried in his pocket. His early fondness for old ballads and tales of chivalry, is described in some lines which he penned in after life:

> And did the magic of romantic lays
> Seduce the leisure of my earlier days?
> Did fancy spread her varied charms around,
> And lead me wandering o'er enchanted ground?
> Oh yes, and oft these transitory toys
> Have flung a sunbeam on my passing joys.
> And has the midnight taper wasted been
> In pondering legend hoar, and fairy scene?
> Have idle fictions o'er my fancy stole,
> And superstition's tale beguiled my soul?
> They have; and spell'd by their mysterious power
> Has roll'd away full many a rosy hour.
> Farewell, ye tales of terror, that control
> In mystic bonds the passions of the soul.
> Ye fabled haunts, where fays and genii dwell,
> And all ye legendary themes, farewell.
> Your fleeting joys I freely now resign;
> For ever let the Book of Truth be mine.

During the term of his apprenticeship, young Mogridge employed his brief intervals of leisure

in writing both prose and verse. His first appearance in print was in a local newspaper; the piece consisted of an address on the occasion of raising a statue to the memory of Lord Nelson.

Another juvenile effusion was an inscription for a charity-box of the Infirmary, placed in the public room of the Talbot Hotel, Shrewsbury.

If thine the power to succour the distress'd,
And this appeal should meet thy wandering eye,
In pity, stranger, let it melt thy breast,
To do some gentle deed of charity.

If thou hast known the terrors of distress;
If thou hast felt the pangs of want and pain;
Oh, let not worldly thrift the sigh suppress,
Nor want implore, nor misery beg in vain.

E'en though no crowd admiring shall descry,
Nor flattering tongue reveal the deed obscure,
It shall not pass unheeded by that Eye
Which beams around the treasury of the poor.

Encouraged by his early attempts to secure the public notice, he soon became a contributor to several of the periodicals of the day. He was a regular, though gratuitous, correspondent to Ackerman's "Poetical Magazine;" and its editor was profuse in his acknowledgments for his disinterested aid. He also contributed to

several of Mr. Houlston's publications. As he was known to this worthy bookseller, and cherished much respect for him, he found considerable gratification in being permitted to give such literary assistance as he was able. Other pieces were sent anonymously to various periodicals and public journals. For three years the busy youth kept up for the perusal of his friends, a manuscript magazine, "The Local Miscellany," every line in each monthly number, both of prose and verse, being supplied by his pen, with etched illustrations. Nor was his vanity a little aroused when he knew that the revered and philanthropic Wilberforce had carried in his pocket one of these numbers for nearly a fortnight. When a little further advanced into manhood, he assumed and supported, for a considerable time, in a public journal, the character of an old man, entering so familiarly into the local occurrences of the neighbourhood for nearly half a century, that no one suspected that the head of the writer was uncovered with grey hairs. Thus, unconsciously, was he pluming his wings for other flights, and qualifying himself for more arduous undertakings.

An acquaintance with Pratt, author of "The Gleaner," and numerous other works, and occasional interviews with Hutton, the antiquarian,

Dr. Mavor, and Dr. Adam Clarke, increased his inclination for reading, and stimulated him in his efforts at composition; and every interval of time was diligently secured for the exercise of his pen.

In after life, Mr. Mogridge referred with peculiar satisfaction to some of the persons of distinction whom he saw in his early days. Among others were Lord Nelson and Mr. Wilberforce. A sight of the one arm and melancholy face of the former, awakened sentiments of deep compassion for him who had attained to the highest pinnacle of human glory. His reminiscence of Mr. Wilberforce may be given in his own words. "In this chequered state of being, our brightest remembrances are often associated with shadows. Though so many years have rolled away since I set off with a friend, to obtain for the first time in my life, a glance at the philanthropist Wilberforce, I have neither forgotten my enthusiastic emotions, nor the untoward circumstance which so sadly interfered with my pleasure. Understanding that Wilberforce was expected to attend Divine service at a village church, at some ten or twelve miles distance, I could not resist my impatience to see him; and in good time my friend and I were on our way to the village.

When near the place we called on a farmer, who described to us his pew at the church, where he said he hoped we should occupy sittings. We were early; my friend went to another part of the church, but I proceeded to the farmer's pew.

"While sitting in anxious expectation of the entrance of the philanthropist, the pew was entered by a gentleman of somewhat haughty demeanour, who resided near on a large estate. After regarding me for a little time he inquired if I were a clergyman, and on my answering in the negative, he told me that he could not answer for there being room enough in the seat to accommodate me and his friends. I told him that though I certainly was a stranger, the owner of the pew had requested me to occupy a sitting there, and the clerk had conducted me to it. He replied, that on ordinary occasions there would be room, but that he then required the pew for his friends. Thus circumstanced I, to my extreme mortification, left the pew and entered the adjoining one.

"What poor, proud creatures we are! It was pride on the part of the gentleman that occasioned his churlishness; for not knowing who I might be, he could not brook my sitting with so great a man as himself. And it was pride on

my part, that made me so keenly susceptible of what ought not to have affected me. Had we both attended the sanctuary with humble hearts, hungering and thirsting after spiritual good, we should have behaved in a very different manner.

"After all, there were but four persons in the pew I had quitted, though there was room enough for more than double the number, and my hat, which I had left on the seat, occupied the sitting abandoned by me. I thought, when after the service, I requested the gentleman to favour me with my hat, that he looked not a little ashamed. I saw Wilberforce, certainly, but a cloud was on my spirit, and my enjoyment was lessened. There is a passage in God's holy word which says, 'Be not forgetful to entertain strangers,' Heb. xiii. 1. But this passage had not been regarded. Pride sadly militates against our peace.

"The last time I saw him, who at the church had wounded my pride, he was stepping out of his carriage and four; and some time after, when giving directions to his work-people, who were felling timber, a large tree fell on him, and crushed him, and occasioned his death. Though he was taken, I am still left. 'Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is; that I may know how frail I am.

Behold, thou hast made my days as an hand-breadth; and mine age is as nothing before thee: verily every man at his best state is altogether vanity,' Psa. xxxix. 4, 5."

On completing his articles of apprenticeship, Mr. Mogridge married Miss Elizabeth Bloomer, whom he had known from early youth. This union, which had the promise of much happiness, was not permitted to be of long continuance; for, after well sustaining the part of an affectionate wife and an exemplary mother, she was called from the world at an early age. Her course was that of a Christian, and her end was peace. The bereaved husband remained a widower for a few years, and then again married. His second wife was Miss Mary Ridsdale. As the companion of the larger portion of his life, this lady rendered the most efficient service to her husband in his literary engagements. Scarcely a volume that he issued but was transcribed and prepared by her hand for the press. It has been her mournful satisfaction to minister to the comfort of her endeared husband in his seasons of sorrow, and to solace him in his passage through the closing hours of life.

When about twenty-four years of age, Mr. Mogridge entered into partnership with his elder brother as a japanner; and, so long as the

latter remained in the firm it was prosperous; but after a time he retired in possession of a good property. The younger brother continued the business, but for which he confessed he had no aptitude. Too many objects occupied his attention. He devoted too much time, for a young tradesman, to the public as an overseer, guardian, and commissioner. His generous feelings prompted him to give far too liberally—it may be said indeed improvidently—to every case which had the semblance of distress; and he devoted to books and literature the hours which might, probably, have been better employed in the more active duties of life. The result was an abandonment of his position as a tradesman, with the entire loss of all his property. In reviewing this part of his history, he once observed: "I look back on this period of my life with keen regret. To be deprived of luxuries and limited in comforts is comparatively a light affliction; but to bear humiliation and self-reproach, and still more to be undervalued and censured by those who were before prodigal in praise, is a heavy burden to bear. I drank to the very dregs the bitter cup of calamity, for I found but little kindness, and much severity. The kindness I did experience is graven on my heart." It is not to be inferred from this

language of self-condemnation, that his moral character or commercial honour were compromised by an unfortunate issue to business. He was unsuccessful, but his uprightness and integrity were unimpeachable. His naturally keen susceptibilities and high sense of probity would incline him to scrutinize his own conduct with much severity, when others might see little to censure or condemn.

With a nature so sensitive, Mr. Mogridge felt keenly the withdrawal of the friendship of many who had professed much regard in days of prosperity; nor was he less affected by the unimpaired confidence and tried faithfulness which were manifested by a few in this time of trouble. When, in after life, he had recovered, by his labour and talent, an influential position in society, he referred to the conduct of his friends in the following poetical allegory:

THE STORM.

A ship was stemming the ocean-tide,
And oh! how gallantly did she ride:
A storm came on—it was sad to see
How she roll'd a wreck on the fathomless sea.

Her mariners left her, one by one,
In that season of peril, almost alone;
But a few there were who endured the blast,
And succour'd her in her distress to the last.

She righted again, and she braved the tide,
And oh, how gallantly did she ride!
It was strange to see, when she stemm'd the main,
How her mariners all came back again!

While ocean winds her canvass swell,
That ship of the terrible storm shall tell;
And her log-book the names of the crew shall bear
Who abandon'd her not in her hour of despair.

The path of Mr. Mogridge's life was now for a time overshadowed. He was called to consider whether he should retrace his steps, and set out afresh in the business of a manufacturer, or enter on other engagements which might give the promise of support, and which were more in harmony with his natural talent and tastes.

CHAPTER II.

ENTERS ON A LITERARY CAREER.

It has been said that fewer authors are made by choice, than by necessity; nor does the example of Mr. Mogridge militate against the general correctness of the observation. He was not altogether insensible to the fact, that no engagements are more fraught with anxiety and disappointment, or are more liable to failure, than those of a professional writer for the press. Yet with this conviction on his mind, he resolved to engage in literature as a source of profit. It was a bold step for one who had hitherto only employed his pen, as a recreation, in such light compositions as might fill a column in a magazine. He seems, however, to have had some confidence in his own powers, though not a single friend at the time encouraged him in his purpose. Looking from our present point of view, we can see much to justify the resolve; but at that time the qualities of his heart, and his peculiar mental power, had been but partially developed. The devout mind will not fail,

in his case, to recognise in his decision the leadings of Divine providence; for whatever was the result on his comfort and pecuniary advantage, it undoubtedly promoted the entertainment and improvement of thousands of readers.

In launching on the wide ocean of literature, our author was dependent on any favourable current he might meet, rather than on any fixed course. Without long waiting to weigh the probabilities of success, and under the influence of strong feelings, and relying more on tact than talent, he pushed forth on those deeps whereon so many have made shipwreck.

There were some points in his favour. In early life Mr. Mogridge had imbibed an ardent and deep-rooted love for natural scenery. The grand and beautiful in creation can scarcely fail to arrest the eye of even incurious spectators; but there are minds of lively temperament which are powerfully affected by the display of infinite goodness and power in the natural world. When Legh Richmond visited Loch Lomond, he gazed intently on the landscape, and hushed his restless companions with the sentence, "The eye is not satisfied with seeing." On the same spot, Dr. Chalmers exclaimed in rapture, "I wonder if there will be a Loch Lomond in heaven." Dr. Cæsar Malan at the sight knelt

down and prayed; and the missionary Macdonald wrote of it in his diary, "Oh! how sweet and tranquil was the bosom of the lake! I thought of the peace of God that passeth all understanding." With similar feelings of devotion and wonder, Mr. Mogridge beheld such a goodly prospect. Overcome at the sight, he involuntarily fell on his knees with a fervour of feeling that was painful to him, and prayed that God in his goodness would either subdue his emotions, or give him the greater ability to sustain the enjoyment of them. In one of those impromptu pieces of rhyme, of which so many are left behind him, unpublished, he refers to the pleasures he found in natural objects:

A pleasant thing it is to stray
  Beneath a sunny sky,
Where flowery fields their charms display,
  And brooks run bubbling by:
To sit with leafy bowers o'erhung,
  And read in grateful mood,
While heart, and mind, and eye, and tongue
  Confess that God is good.

The observation of character is a source of much interest to many; with Mr. Mogridge it was a cultivated habit. In those around him he found something to admire, or to disapprove, to imitate, or to avoid. He could scarcely fail

to take an intelligent view of men and things as they passed before his eyes. "Every man," he once observed, "has a picture gallery of his own, in which are hung the likenesses of those he has known. These likenesses are dependent on the point of view whence they were taken, and on the character of the mind in whose memory they are retained. A portrait depends almost as much on the painter as on the face of him whose likeness it represents; and if it be thus with sketches taken by the pencil, it is still more so with sketches of the pen." This habit enabled him to present those delineations of character in the Old Humphrey papers, which are evidently taken from life.

His frequent perambulations and love of adventure brought him into contact with different interesting characters, whose peculiarities he was not slow to discern, though he was ever careful not to allow an ill-natured criticism to escape his pen. He was also fond of intercourse with those whose stores of wisdom could enrich his mind, and whose reminiscences could supply topics for profitable conversation. "From the time of my early boyhood," he observed, "I have had the habit of keeping my eyes and ears open to the busy world about me; and for many years it has been my custom to keep a common-place

book of passing thoughts and occurrences. Oh, what a strange medley of matter does it contain! Sometimes my remarks have been made hastily, as sudden impulses have called them forth: at other times, they have been written down with greater reflection and care."

A habit of frequently reviewing the past materially aided in turning to practical account this faculty of observation. A tenacious memory, too, held as in a treasury the varied incidents of life as they had come under his eye, and supplied him with abundant illustration to enforce a moral or adorn a tale. His imagination was active and speculative on scenes as they arose to his view. In one of his rhyming moods he thus notices the workings of this latter faculty:

Yet deem I not the high-wrought bliss
  Of fancy's thrilling reign,
Her thousand ardent hopes and fears,
  Romantic, light, or vain.
Without these sparkling gems of thought,
  The human heart would be,
At times, a desert far more drear
  Than thine, dread Araby.

Many have mistaken the fervour of poetic feeling for poetic talent. It is not, then, a matter of surprise that, after revelling in the

natural and earnest thoughts of Wordsworth, or the glowing strains of Montgomery, or the rich imagery and quaint sublimities of the early poets, they should have been sufficiently carried away to believe that they could produce stanzas which would become, to some extent, also popular. The subject of our memoir had long felt the inspiration of poetry; it was therefore to be supposed that he would first direct his attention to this line of authorship. Accordingly he submitted a few pieces, as specimens of an extended series, to the editor of the "Literary Gazette," who freely expressed his approbation, but required that he should have in his possession the whole of the papers, before he published any, on the ground that authors were too much in the habit of beginning with power, and ending with weakness.

In another interview, Mr. Mogridge found in the editor's study the celebrated, but afterwards unhappy, L. E. L. (Miss Landon). She was about to retire, but being told that the communications required no secrecy, she resumed her seat, and in a sprightly and agreeable way, took part in the conversation. The topic was a contemplated work by Mr. Mogridge, to be entitled "The Churchyard Lyrist," a considerable portion of which the editor had perused in

manuscript, and who now promised to give it his favourable commendation should it appear in print.

Accordingly, among his earliest works was this book of epitaphs. It is hoped it answered the purpose of the publishers better than it did that of the author. The price agreed on for the copyright was fifty pounds; but as it was to be received in copies, and as Mr. Mogridge gave three-fourths of the books away, his pocket was thereby very little replenished. Like all other people, authors have to pay for their experience; and he who sets any value on his time, and is solicitous to add to his pecuniary resources, had better occupy himself in a more promising subject than verses for tombstones. The design of this volume was to give a greater variety of original epitaphs than had hitherto appeared. It was the writer's opinion that "the churchyard is a volume whose admonitions are sought when the heart is best prepared to receive them;" and hence the importance that inscriptions for the grave, when they do not consist of texts from Scripture, should be in harmony with its doctrines and precepts.

It is rather remarkable that an animated and lively mind should seek recreation among old yew trees, green hillocks, and sculptured urns.

Yet these had their attractions to Mr. Mogridge, and to his frequent musings among such mournful objects are we indebted for his first useful book. "I like not," he has been known to say, "to see a trodden-down grave, believing as I do that burial grounds have, or ought to have, an influence on the tone and morals of society. A churchyard is a volume where the wisest of us may learn a lesson of profitable instruction; and a mind duly impressed by reflection on the dead, will rarely indulge in bitterness towards the living. Pleasant is it to look on the memorials of affection that decorate the graves of the people of Wales. I want no affectation of sorrow, no unnecessary exhibition of grief, to mark the last resting-place of humanity; but I do love to see the grass-green sod look as though the mortal mouldering below were not forgotten."

A few specimens from this work may not be without their interest:

ON A YOUNG FEMALE.

She is gone to the land where the care-worn and weary
Enjoy the sweet rapture of sacred repose;
She has quitted for ever this wilderness dreary,
And bid a long farewell to time and its woes.

While on earth she was loved, and we deeply deplore her:
But, ah! shall a murmur escape from our breast?
Do you ask how she lived? She set heaven before her.
Do you ask how she died? In the faith of the bless'd.

ON A PIOUS SAILOR.

Doom'd o'er the watery waste to roam,
Full oft he braved the tempest's strife,
Till his Redeemer call'd him home,
And he was shipwreck'd into life.

ON A HUMBLE-MINDED CHRISTIAN.

A lowly follower of the Lord above:
While here on earth his soul on heaven was bent;
His words were kindness, and his deeds were love,
His spirit humble, and his life well spent:
These, then, and not this stone, shall be his monument.

THE GRAVE'S APPEAL.

Art thou young, and wouldst thou live
In peace that God alone can give,
Conquering every worldly lust?
Watch, and pray, and seek, and trust.

Art thou old, and wouldst thou die
A servant of the Lord on high?
Wouldst thou reign among the just?
Watch, and pray, and seek, and trust.

Old and young, and rich and poor,
Sinner, Death is at the door;
All are hastening to the dust;
Watch, and pray, and seek, and trust.

THE WARNING VOICE.

In every stage of life is given
A warning voice: it comes from heaven.
In childhood's hour it breathes around—
"*The fairest flowers are faded found.*"
In youth it whispers as a friend—
"*Reflect upon thy latter end.*"
In manhood louder swells the cry—
"*Remember thou art born to die.*"
In age it thunders on the blast—
"*O man! thy earthly years are past.*"
In joy and grief, in ease and care,
In every stage, "Prepare, Prepare!"

ON A CHRISTIAN.

Well may ye weep, proud minions of an hour,
'Mid mouldering marble and decaying rhymes,
That earthly grandeur has so little power
To hand her greatness down to future times.

Though gorgeous pyramids in ruin lie,
The Christian's hope, uninjured, still remains;
His faith is firm: his record is on high;
His monument the heaven of heavens contains.

From the time when Milton hawked his immortal poem, "Paradise Lost," among the booksellers for five pounds, to the present day, many a young author has struggled hard to secure an introduction to the public. It may, therefore, be supposed that Mr. Mogridge, unknown to fame and without patronage, had to encounter not a few difficulties and disappointments. One manuscript offered by him to a bookseller was detained nearly three months before it was—not accepted, but declined. With another he was equally unsuccessful; for after he had walked a distance of fifty miles (ten miles five times over), to inquire of its success, he found that the paper had not been opened. In a third instance, a bookseller returned to him, in an unsealed packet, by an apprentice lad, his manuscript and letter, with the verbal message, "Declined." In a fourth a publisher, to whom he had offered a small manuscript for ten pounds, placed it flat on his counter, and measuring it with his hand, said, with a consequential air, that he had bought manuscripts double the height for five.

A new periodical about this time appeared

under the name of "The Comet," and Mr. Mogridge sent a contribution. Soon after he was surprised to see placarded on the walls an announcement in which this contribution figured as the most attractive part of the advertisement. Flattered by his apparent success, he wrote another piece, well calculated, in the writer's opinion, to add lustre to so bright and eccentric a stranger as "The Comet." With some impatience he waited till the day when the second number of the work was to appear, when he found that the office of the magazine was shut up, and his sparkling contribution was never made visible to the public eye.

These misadventures gave a serious turn to his thoughts, and brought him into association with enterprises of a more decidedly religious character than he at first contemplated. He felt the necessity of applying in quarters where greater reliance could be placed, and he was devoutly grateful to find that he was being led to services which were in accordance with the best wishes of his heart.

The first engagement of Mr. Mogridge as a tract writer was with a respectable bookseller, Mr. Houlston, who undertook to issue a limited number of pieces, which were to be ready for publication at stated intervals. His feelings on

entering on this service are expressed in a memorandum made at the time in a small account book :—"Mistrusting my own perseverance, yet, with a humble and confiding dependence on that Almighty Being, who gave me the faculties I possess, and who can alone enable me rightly to use them, I enter on my literary undertaking, imploring the Giver of all good things that, while I thereby add to my own interest, and the comfort of those dear to me, I may contribute to the benefit of others, and extend the glory of my God. I purpose forwarding for publication one tract per week; and that I may do so, intend to enter in this book the date on which each piece is forwarded."

The qualifications of Mr. Mogridge as a writer of popular tracts in verse had been already tested in one of the first-fruits of his pen :—"Thomas Brown; or, a Dialogue on Sunday Morning." The origin and history of this widely-spread and influential little production will be best related by its author.

"It must be now (1849) about thirty-three years ago since a respected relative of mine was engaged, during the leisure of an active life, in a series of literary undertakings, all intended to arrest the progress of vice, and promote the cause of virtue. One of these was to set aside,

as far as possible, the immoral songs that were vended in an adjoining manufacturing town; and in this project I joined. To buy up the faulty publications, and to write and print others of a less objectionable kind, was the adopted course; but it did not succeed. When the printer found that his customers would have the faulty songs, he failed not to supply them. It was his apparent interest to do so; but it is never a man's real interest to do evil. 'If Balak,' said the prophet Balaam, 'would give me his house full of silver and gold, I cannot go beyond the commandment of the Lord,' Numb. xxiv. 13.

"Now and then, even at this remote period of time, I find among my papers some of the poetical products of my pen, in furtherance of the laudable end we had in view; but perhaps the less I say about their poetical merit the better. They certainly were not 'inscribed with immortality.'

"It was at the time of these literary undertakings that my worthy relative handed me a rough sketch, in a kind of poetical prose, of a dialogue which he thought might be made useful to the working people on the farm attached to the mansion where he resided. From this rough sketch I wrote the tract 'Thomas Brown,' with

the simple object in view already stated; and though since then,

> My brow by time has graven been,
> And grey hairs on my head are seen,

it seems but as yesterday when the report was made to me of the effect produced, by my poor doggerel verses, on the rustic throng for whose benefit they were composed. The sing-song stanzas, and the plain tale they told, were just suited to the taste and comprehension of the simple-minded country people, who were caught at once while listening to the artless history of the sabbath-breaker. No sooner were the words read,

> 'Where have you been wandering about, Thomas Brown,
> In your jacket so out of repair?'
> 'A ramble I've been o'er the meadows so green,
> And I work in the jacket I wear,'—

than a general expression of interest and pleasure lighted up their faces. Never was a more attentive auditory. With breathless attention they drank in, with greedy ears, the words of the reader, until Thomas Brown was represented as attending the village church. The description that followed won every heart.

"Again, and again, on different evenings, was

'Thomas Brown' read to the rustic throng, who listened with undiminished interest. One of them, I think it was Betty the housemaid, committed the whole piece to memory; and a farm-servant declared, that 'the man must have a rare yeadpiece (headpiece) that writ Thomas Brown.'

"Soon after this the dialogue appeared in print in different editions. A young friend, a printer, applied for, and obtained, permission to publish it. The late Dr. Booker, if I am not misinformed, had an edition printed for his own circulation.

"When 'Thomas Brown' was first printed, I felt heartily ashamed; having persuaded myself that I had some aptitude for poetry, the homely composition of the Dialogue humbled me. So long as it remained written only, and was regarded as an off-hand production addressed to a few country people, it did not offend me; but when it came forth publicly, I shrank from the humiliation of being considered its author. Many a time in company, with a blushing face, have I smarted under the galling lash of complimentary remarks addressed to me as the author of 'Thomas Brown.'

"Among the admirers of this tract was a friend, who took a lively interest in spreading it

as widely as he could; and many a packet of the Dialogue accompanied the merchandize he sent to different parts of the world. 'Thomas Brown' made its appearance in Van Diemen's Land at an early period of its history; and I cannot but think that to the exertions of the friend alluded to, both at home and abroad, much of the popularity of the tract may fairly be ascribed.

"'Thomas Brown' used to be familiarly chanted in the streets of London. Here and there, two persons gave life and variety to the recitation; while, in other instances, the whole weight of the piece was sustained by a single individual. One man was so constantly engaged in reciting the tract, that he seemed to have no other occupation. A respected friend of mine used often to joke me on this circumstance. 'I have met with your friend Thomas Brown,' he would say, 'and I really think that you ought to allow him a pension for his good services.'

"The tract, on which I have said so much, has afforded pleasure to thousands; what amount of profit it has imparted is only known to Him who knoweth all things. It may be self-love that whispers in my ear the soothing conviction, that some of my readers will value it none the less when they know that it fell from the pen of Old Humphrey. Such as it is, it will be influ-

encing the thoughts, the words, and the deeds of many, when its author is no more. How truly may it be said, that from a small seed a great harvest of good or evil may arise! Well may we be cautious of what we write or speak. Evil words may be as thorns in many sides, while words 'fitly spoken are as apples of gold in pictures [or baskets] of silver.'

> While round us hours and years unceasing roll,
> A word may warp, or warn, or win a soul."

The want of success by Mr. Mogridge in obtaining an acceptance of his prose compositions among the booksellers, induced him to employ his pen again in the kind of metrical tracts which had already proved so adapted to the popular taste. In a short period three papers were written, and sent to the Religious Tract Society, under the signature of X. Y. Z. A communication soon informed him that two of them had been approved of and accepted by the Committee; that if he preferred to retain his anonymous position, any sum he might name should be forwarded to him; but suggested, as more desirable, a call in Paternoster-row. There was a kindliness of expression and friendliness of spirit in the letter which favourably impressed him, so that, though he had resolved to remain un-

known, he altered his resolution, and availed himself of the invitation.

An interview took place in the Society's rooms between Mr. Mogridge, Mr. Lloyd, the editorial superintendent, and Mr. Jones, the secretary. On the entrance of the former, his eye glanced around, as if under the influence of momentary trepidation; but on being requested to be seated, he recovered his usually quiet self-possession, and entered into conversation with that bland and agreeable air which was so characteristic of his manner. He was informed that his tracts had received the cordial approval of the Committee, and that they warranted the hope that he would become a regular contributor to the Society's publications. With much modesty he expressed his doubts how far he should be able to meet the expectations they so favourably entertained: that his habit was to write on any object that casually met his eye, whether a tree, a flower, or a landscape; and he feared that the buoyancy and flow of his thoughts were unsuited to the force and sobriety required in religious tracts. But after a free and friendly conversation, he said he was encouraged by their kind commendation, and would supply them with other manuscripts, trusting they would prove equally acceptable with those already adopted.

If this interview made an agreeable impression on the officers of the Institution, it did not less favourably affect the mind of Mr. Mogridge. In a memorandum he has left behind him, he thus notices the circumstance and its results: "I called at the Religious Tract Society, and had a pleasant interview with Mr. Lloyd, little imagining that my connexion with him and that Institution, in whose transactions he performed so important a part, would continue so long as it has done. It is well to look back to the ways in which we have been led, and gratefully to acknowledge the almighty Hand which has sustained our steps. Of my frequent meetings and communications with Mr. Lloyd, I cannot speak too freely, nor too thankfully. It was really a holiday to have an appointment with him. While walking out together, his love of nature and kindly feeling for the young and old were fully manifested; and when seated together within doors at our manifold manuscripts, there was in him a sunny cheerfulness that relieved the ennui of literary labour, a liberality that called forth a desire to be liberal in return, and a tenderness and delicacy, on shadowy points, that much endeared him to me. I shall go to 'the place appointed for all living,' and he will be 'gathered to his fathers,' yet will the record live when the

hand that is now making it is motionless, that I felt deeply his debtor. To him I submitted my plans, and with the able assistance of his sound judgment and experience, carried out the various works proceeding from my pen which have been published by the Society. He who has written a hundred books, must have much to lament, or much for which to be grateful. If he have written ill, what cause has he for grief! and if well, what thankfulness is due to his heavenly Father!"

A fair prospect of a literary engagement, in a connexion that was consonant with his moral and religious feelings, at once raised the hopes of Mr. Mogridge, and prompted him to write such works as were adapted to the objects of the Society. And as he felt he had a freedom and aptitude in expressing his thoughts in verse, in a flowing and striking style, he turned his attention to the preparation of tracts and small books in the metrical form. Among those issued at different times may be mentioned:

HONEST JACK, THE SAILOR.
THE SABBATH-BREAKER RECLAIMED; OR, THOMAS BROWN.
THE TWO WIDOWS.
"TEN THOUSAND BRIGHT GUINEAS OF GOLD."

THE INFIDEL BLACKSMITH.
WILLIAM BALL, THE COTTAGE YOUTH.
JOHN TOMKINS, THE DRAM-DRINKER.
"THERE IS NO TIME TO SPARE."
"OH, IF I WERE THE SQUIRE."
A PICTURE OF POPERY.

The following little books for children were also written in verse, and sent forth from time to time:

VILLAGE CHARACTERS.
SARAH BELL AND FANNY BLAKE.
SOMETHING WANTED.
THE HOLIDAY EXHIBITION.
THE MILLER; OR, HOW LONG WILL IT LAST?
SARAH GEE AND SUSAN GREY.
THE SEA.
ALPHABET OF GOOD AND BAD HEARTS.
TALES IN RHYME FOR BOYS.
TALES IN RHYME FOR GIRLS.

The plainness and originality of style of the foregoing tracts and books, with the author's easy mode of expressing important truth in simple rhymes, were well suited to the tastes and capacities of the labouring classes, whether old or young, among whom they soon obtained the stamp of popularity, which they have

retained to the present day. They have been perused in the drawing-room with pleasure and profit, while they have conveyed instruction to the cottager, the mechanic, the sailor, the soldier, and the poor man's child. Several of them have been re-published in North America; and they have obtained a circulation wherever the English language is spoken.

CHAPTER III.

ASSUMES THE NAME OF "OLD HUMPHREY."

A new sphere for the exercise of the talent of Mr. Mogridge was presented when the Religious Tract Society commenced, in 1833, its periodical, the "Weekly Visitor." On being invited to become a contributor, and to suggest any special department of the work he might wish to engage in, it occurred to him that articles on a variety of familiar topics, treated in a popular manner, would suit his pen, and be acceptable to the public. After further reflection, the signature "OLD HUMPHREY" occurred to his mind as in keeping with the character and design of the proposed series of papers. Under a title so homely and peculiar, he thought he could the more readily find his way to the hearts of his readers. At first, he regarded it as a pure fiction, simply to be used as a medium of conveying his thoughts on whatever incidents of a useful and amusing kind might come under his notice; but when his readers began to regard it as the signature of a real personage, he was

constrained, in some measure, to identify himself with it, and to become more circumspect in his narrations.

The new engagement was entered on with great zeal and cordiality. "The arrow," he says, "that strikes the mark efficiently, must have power to go beyond it; and without some confidence in our own powers, we are not, in any undertaking, likely to succeed. I am sanguine enough to think I shall interest my readers in my observations and retrospections. Barren and unlovely must be that rude and rugged land over which we could travel for fifty years without finding some object deserving regard, some fruit worth plucking, or some wild flower worthy to be placed in our bosom. And blind must be the eye, and callous must be the heart of him, who, mingling as a man with his fellow pilgrims in this breathing world for more than half a century, has stored up nothing in his memory that would be interesting to describe."

The popularity of the "Old Humphrey" papers was evident from their first issue; and they awakened not a little curiosity in their readers to know the name and locality of him who had adopted the appellation. Is he an old man or a young man? Is he single, married, or a widower? Does he write for pleasure or for

pay? Is he a resident in town or country? Can you obtain for "a constant reader" a copy of verses in his own handwriting? or will he inscribe a few lines in a lady's album? Will he favour "a well-wisher" with a copy of original verses for a charity bazaar? or will he write a hymn for an approaching Sunday-school anniversary? Such were the kind of appeals made to the officers of the Society to gratify curiosity, or to advance the interests of benevolence.

During the official tours of the Society's secretary and superintendent, Mr. William Jones, on behalf of the Institution, several friends suspected that he was the identical "old gentleman" who so freely, yet kindly, pointed out various interesting facts connected with the visits paid to many of the attached friends of the Society. As the secretary occasionally supplied Mr. Mogridge with topics and incidents which had passed under his notice in his journeys, the persons concerned, when these matters appeared in print, were not only pleasantly surprised, but saw in them, as they thought, corroborative proofs of the authorship of the papers. It need scarcely be added, that Old Humphrey was never requested to refer to any circumstance of a private nature, or which could possibly wound the feelings of any person.

The interest in the "unknown" was not lessened when a paper was announced, entitled, "Who is Old Humphrey?"

In one of these communications to "Old Humphrey," he was told that many friends were anxious that he should give a description of himself in one of his articles. He readily complied. After some particulars of a negative kind, which playfully increase the curiosity of the inquirer, without satisfying it, showing that he was not absorbed in his own importance, nor of an imperious and churlish temper, nor of a slandering tongue, nor without sympathy for the afflicted, nor of an epicurean taste, he proceeds,—"If you see an elderly-looking man parting two passionate lads who are fighting; giving twopence to a poor girl who has by accident broken her jug, to make all right again; picking up a fallen child out of the dirt; guiding a blind man carefully across the street; or hesitating for a moment whether an importunate beggar is an impostor or not, and then deciding in his favour: if you see such a one, so occupied, he is not unlikely to be Old Humphrey.

"If in the house of God, either in a retired pew, or standing up among the poor people in the middle aisle, you see a stranger, a man of

years, regarding the minister as a friend, listening to the words of eternal life with thankfulness, and gazing with a fixed eye on the preacher, while he describes the sufferings of the Saviour of sinners, many things in this world are more improbable than that he should be Old Humphrey.

"If you ever observe a thoughtful person, somewhat stricken in years, after talking with, and putting something into the hands of a weary and meanly dressed traveller, turning out of the turnpike road, and leaning over a gate to admire the glory of the setting sun; or gazing on the tall elm trees with an expression of admiration; or following with his eyes the green-bodied dragon fly, as it lightly skims over the surface of the rippling brook; or sitting by the side of a ditch, poring, with interest, over a foxglove, a thistle, a daisy, a sere leaf, a lady-bird, 'toad, frog, newt, nettle-top, or dandelion;' if, ever and anon, he looks up, amidst his speculations, to the clear bright sky, with an expression of reverence and thankfulness, you have very good grounds for supposing him to be Old Humphrey.

"If, in any village churchyard, not more than twelve miles from London, you observe an old gentleman poring over a time-worn gravestone, stocking up the grass with the end of his

walking-stick, to get at the date; if he muses over some lowly green hillock in the unfrequented part of the burial-ground, longer than at the beautiful sarcophagus, or the costly mausoleum, with the hatchment sculptured on its side; keep your eyes on him, he is not half so likely to be the lord mayor of London, as he is to be Old Humphrey.

"If you meet an ancient man with a kind-hearted countenance, who, as he passes a throng of playful boys, softly speaks, 'Bless you all, my little merry hearts; may you be as free from sin as you are from sorrow;' or ejaculates, as a pale-faced woman, habited in black, with a crape bonnet on her head, moves on with a dejected air, 'May thy Maker be thy Husband, and thy mourning be turned into joy;' or who comforts a little orphan boy, patting him on the head, and speaking to him of a heavenly Father, and quoting to him, 'When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up;' follow him up closely, for it is ten to one but he will turn out to be Old Humphrey."*

The pieces to which this popular name was affixed appeared regularly in a fugitive form, and were subsequently collected into volumes.

* "Old Humphrey's Addresses," p. 316.

Of these, his "Observations," "Addresses," "Thoughts for the Thoughtful," "Walks in London," "Country Strolls," "Pithy Papers," "Half Hours," and "Friendly Appeals," have been perused by delighted thousands, in almost every part of the world. In addition to these various smaller books for children, are part of the "Old Humphrey" volumes.

In forming an estimate of the papers that appeared with this signature, it is necessary to consider for whom and for what purpose, they were written. It was to win the attention of the greatest number to subjects of the highest interest. Their apparent egotism and garrulity were in keeping with the character assumed. Without being profound, there was in them considerable knowledge of human life, and of the workings of the human heart. With singular tact, their author drew solid instruction from the commonest incidents of every-day life. His shrewdness of observation and sound practical wisdom gave point to the sentiments. A natural geniality of disposition imparted a fresh and generous tone to the thoughts:

"A man he seem'd of cheerful yesterdays,
And confident to-morrows."

Ardent in feeling, grateful, and disinterested, with a keen sense of the humorous and ridicu-

lous, he brought into play the sprightliness of his fancy, and his habitual buoyancy of spirit chastened and tempered with a habit of grave remark. Under the surface of a lively style there ran a flow of deep solemnity. He ever took a sunny and hopeful view of things as they rose before him; yet however gay, he was never volatile, nor lost sight of the responsibility of authorship, or his character as a Christian. He instructed without wearying, and by touches of good humour prepared the way for the reproof of a fault, or exposure of a vice, in a spirit of love and gentleness.

There were some topics on which, in this series of papers, he delighted to exercise his pen, such as the use and abuse of wealth, the benefits of earthly trials, charity for the poor, kindness to animals, the horrors of war and the blessings of peace, Christian temper in the lesser things of life: in these and kindred themes, he agreeably mingled the useful and the practical with spiritual truths of the highest importance to man. Old Humphrey was, not merely in his feigned character, but in reality, a true lover of nature. The boundless beauty of creation feasted his eyes, and kindled almost ecstatic emotions in his heart. A country lane, with children at play; a hedge-bank,

with its blossoms and butterflies; the rising or setting sun, casting its golden light across the sky; or the rippling waves on the seashore, filled him with delight, and often incited him to throw his thoughts and feelings into the shape in which they have been given to the world. To "rise from nature up to nature's God" was not an effort of the mind, but an instinct—an impulse. To him there were

——"tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

In the visits of Mr. Mogridge to various places, he occasionally found that the influence of "Old Humphrey" had extended to quarters where he little expected to find it, and which he discovered in a way that encouraged and amused him. At other times, it led to the formation of endeared friendships, which were maintained to the close of life.

In the year 1847, during a visit to Edinburgh, he was enjoying a morning walk along the footpath leading to Arthur's Seat, when, as he turned aside to the left, to gaze on the ruins of St. Anthony's chapel, he saw a lady and gentleman approach, accompanied by one of the guide boys. Both parties stood awhile,

beholding with interest the venerable remains, when Mr. Mogridge politely asked permission to put a question to the young guide, and then passed on his way. Again they met on higher ground, where from a projecting rock are unfolded to the view the deep blue waters of the Firth of Forth, Salisbury-craig, and Calton-hill, with the whole town of Edinburgh lying at the feet. Words of mutual delight were exchanged at the scenery around them, when Mr. Mogridge exclaimed with a burst of joy, "It is not any one part I admire, but the beautiful whole: this grand mountain and the vast prospect spread around charm me. When I gaze on them, my mind is led upward to their great Creator." The conversation was continued; it was mutually felt that fellow-pilgrims to the heavenly city had been brought into company. As they spoke of creation, they rose into a contemplation of redemption, and then onward to a state of glory. In parting, the solitary traveller struck his cane on the ground with one hand, with the other stretched upward, and with a heart full of intense emotions, said, "Oh! I sometimes long to put off this mortal body, that I may go to heaven, and see Him as he is, and worship before him."

The lady and gentleman had observed notices

of a meeting to be held in Edinburgh, and that a deputation from America would attend it. They at once suspected that the aged stranger was a trans-atlantic visitor; and following him a few paces, asked if they were right in their conjecture, to which he merely replied "No;" but after they had cordially shaken hands, he said, "You ask me if I am one of the deputation; I do not *preach*, but I am *read* by thousands: good bye." These words naturally increased a desire to know with whom they had been holding such friendly communications.

Again the gentleman met the stranger in the suburb of the city, strolling in search of the beautiful; after some agreeable conversation, it was found that he was none other than "Old Humphrey." An intimacy ensued from this casual interchange of kindly and Christian sentiments, which led to an agreeable visit from Mr. Mogridge to the residence of the gentleman at Bath, and to a profitable correspondence, which lasted till death removed one of the parties to a better world.

A worthy Christian family in a western suburb of London, to whom he had become known through his writings, also "showed him much kindness;" and to whom his letters, characterized as they were by a cheerful, unaffected

piety, were at all times welcome. One of his epistolary communications to a young lady of this household will not be unacceptable.

"*Kingsland, May* 1, 1845.

"You have heard of that ancient and never-to-be-sufficiently-valued adage, 'Better late than never,' and I am now, I trust, supplying you with an instance of its correctness. Late, indeed, is this fulfilment of my promise to send you my name in my own hand-writing. If my inattention has proved that I do *not* possess the virtue of punctuality, let my present communication prove, also, that I do possess the virtue of shame for my transgression.

What more can erring boy or man
Achieve, with all his powers,
Than ask forgiveness for the past,
And mend in future hours?

"Were I to ask you the simple question, What have you thought of, spoken, and done, since we formed part of a family fold, with our kind-hearted and well-beloved shepherd at our head—in the very precincts of a palace? you would not venture to tell me. Well, then, I will forego questioning you as to your words and deeds, if you will only tell me all that you have thought of! But no, not you. Oh, what a

budget of keepsakes and kid-gloves—of songs and sermons—of feathers and family affairs—of gaieties and gravities—of mourning weeds and wedding-apparel—of faithful and faithless friends —of sadness and gladness—of light-hearted trifling and holy thoughts—of black and white, shine and shade, prose and poesy—of hopes and fears, broken intentions and resolute resolutions —in short, what a medley of small and great, vain and important, fading and eternal, has passed through your brain since we last met! But has it been so with you only? My heart feelingly pronounces an emphatic No. If, however, in all this chaos there be some order; if, with all this shifting of the compass, the needle has tremblingly tried to point northerly — or rather to 'the hills whence cometh our help'— let us be thankful. That verse—

'Come, poor sinners, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If ye tarry till ye are better,
Ye will never come at all,'—

is beautiful; but its beauty consists less in its poetry than in its truth. What a mercy that as our worthiness cannot save us, so neither can our unworthiness sink us to perdition. What a mercy it is that in all our wanderings of heart, the *door* and the *way* yet remain open.

"I know not how it has been that I have thus insensibly glided into serious remarks, for I thought that I began in a light-hearted way. Well, and I feel light-hearted now; not a whit the less so, because I have mingled my commonplace thoughts with a reference to more important things."

Among others to whom he became known in his character of Old Humphrey, was the late James Montgomery. His introductory letter to the poet was forwarded by the hand of a mutual friend:

"My dear Sir,—For a less familiar commencement would but ill agree with the warmth of my affectionate respect and admiration—some time ago Miss ——, of C—— Park, informed me that you had said of me, in a communication to her, 'I know little of him, but his tales; may he live long, and never leave off telling them.' For this friendly remark let me very heartily thank you.

"It is almost thirty years since, being in Sheffield, I purchased a few volumes of poetry (yours and Cowper's), in furtherance of the hope of being enabled to take you by the hand. This privilege I enjoyed, and since then, though familiar with your mind and your muse, I have not personally seen you.

"If the amount of satisfaction derived by a reader from an author be the measure of his obligation, then am I indeed your debtor, for few have been more interested, excited, and influenced than myself, by your manifold, talented, and Christian-hearted productions. I am sure that they have made me wiser, I believe they have made me better, than I should have been without them.

"At my time of life, it is more befitting that I should put up a prayer for you, than praise you. Indeed, if praise were acceptable, you must, I should think, have received it almost to satiety.

"I, too, with words of praise could ring the chimes,
And blot a foolscap page with tinkling rhymes,
If this poor pen of mine could thus impart,
The honest homage of a grateful heart;
Grateful to thee, my worldly joys among,
For many a revel in transporting song,
To see thee now in reverent age appear
A Christian warrior resting on thy spear,
That thou hast wielded well, in bloodless fight,
For God and man, with majesty and might.
Deign then, dear bard, in friendly mood to share
My kindly thoughts, my blessing, and my prayer.
No tyro, I, in trouble's stormy strife;
No stripling in the battle-field of life:

Like thee, far-travell'd on my pilgrim way,
I need repose. Like thine, my hairs are grey.
Accept—alas! in this poor world below
How little can the warmest heart bestow!—
Accept this truth, deep, ardent, and sincere,
In youth I loved thee, and in age revere."

During the visits of Old Humphrey to Hastings, to recruit his health, he was accustomed to pay a morning visit to a hairdresser, not far from All Saints church, to complete his morning toilet; but during his last illness, when unable to walk to the shop, he was waited upon by the hairdresser. During the usual operation, the worthy man would entertain his customer by recounting the news of the day, and other matters which he thought of importance to be known. "I have lately been reading," said he on one occasion, "a very interesting book. I can't read prosy works, but this one was quite to my taste; it is an excellent one. It is called 'Old Humphrey's Addresses.'" He then went on to expatiate on the merits of "The Toppers," and other well known pieces in the volume; concluding by expressing his regret that his little daughter, who had borrowed it from her school library, was obliged to return it before he had completed its perusal. Mr. Mogridge quietly enjoyed his friend's recital. It was just

the kind of incident to bring out the natural amiability of his heart. A copy of the work was obtained in the town, and at the next interview Mr. Mogridge placed it in his hands, having previously recorded, in his own trembling penmanship, that it was "a gift from the author to Mr. ——." The disconcerted and delighted hairdresser, on receiving the neat-looking volume, could scarcely believe that he had been unwittingly extolling the book to its author's face—his own customer too!—and that the author's own hands had presented to him the valued work, to be kept as a memorial of a pious interest in his welfare.

Equally pleasing proofs of the usefulness and popularity of his little books, also at various times came under his notice. Once, when passing through a crowded London street, Mr. Mogridge saw a man elevated on a chair, about to address a throng gathered around him. Curiosity led him, during a pause in the proceedings, to make his way almost up to the chair on which the orator stood, when, to his surprise and confusion, the man suddenly broke out in a loud voice, looking at the startled author—

"Where have you been wandering about, Thomas Brown,
In your jacket so out of repair?"

Old Humphrey would have gladly escaped to recover his self-possession and gravity, but he found himself encompassed by the people, who seemed to him looking directly in his face. "I felt," he said, "almost as much ashamed as if I had been detected in inadvertently passing a bad shilling."

Among the tracts in verse, the one entitled "Ten Thousand Bright Guineas of Gold" has been found very acceptable. A gentleman laid a copy of it on his study table. An old friend called on him, who was rich in this world, but a stranger to the "unsearchable riches of Christ." Finding that the title attracted the interest of his moneyed friend, he proposed to read it to him; this was done, and produced a visible impression on the rich man. He left the house, but could not forget the words he had heard. He became anxious about his soul; attended the means of grace, searched the Scriptures, and prayed for heavenly guidance; and there is good reason to conclude that he was led savingly to the knowledge of the Divine Redeemer.

Mr. Mogridge was very happy and effective in writing little children's books—published at a halfpenny or a farthing each. Some of them are equal to anything that came from his pen, and

were not without evidence of the Divine blessing resting upon them. A copy of one of them entitled, "The Cloud; or, Look beyond It," came into the hands of a worthy clergyman in Yorkshire, on Christmas day. He was at the time in a depressed state of mind, fearing that the labours of years had been in vain. He took up this small book, and was pleased with the recommendation contained in its title—"Look beyond the cloud." He read it, and its simple and pleasing advice cheered his mind, prepared him for the happy discharge of the duties of the day, and produced much subsequent comfort.

A gentleman in London experienced a great disappointment, the effect of which was to throw him into such desponding views as to threaten the most fearful consequences. A friend inclosed in an envelope the same book, "The Cloud;" but without knowing the state of the gentleman's mind, and requested him to give it to his little boy. On going home, he opened the envelope to see the book it contained. He read it, and experienced such relief in his distress of mind, that he wrote a letter to the gentleman who sent it, expressing his thankfulness for the benefit which he had received.

As the versatile pen of Old Humphrey necessitated that he should assume different charac-

ters, he wrote various volumes and children's books, for the Religious Tract Society, under other names. Hence he apeared as "Grandfather Gregory," "Amos Armfield," "Uncle Adam," "Old Anthony," "Godfrey Gilbert," "The Traveller," "The Encourager," and other aliases too numerous to particularize. When more suited to his purpose, he changed the masculine gender into the feminine, and appeared as "Grandmamma Gilbert," and "Aunt Upton."

Several other books were prepared for the Society of an entertaining and instructive kind; as, "The Boy's Week-day Book," "Wanderings in the Isle of Wight," "Loiterings among the Lakes," "Calls of Usefulness," "The North American Indians," "The Old Sea Captain," "Footprints of Popery," "The Country," "Play Hours," and a few more of a similar character. Nor must "Learning to Think," "Learning to Feel," "Learning to Act," and "Learning to Converse," be omitted, as works alike useful and pleasing in their contents. The whole number of tracts and books added by Mr. Mogridge to the Society's catalogue, amounts to one hundred and forty-six. A noble contribution to the cause of truth and piety from one pen!

While engaged in promoting the objects of the Society, application was made by several

respectable publishers to "Old Humphrey," for literary assistance, which he rendered without breaking his connexion with a Society that had become endeared to his heart. It was to him a great relief, and a source of much gratification, to be employed at the same time, on works of different kinds, grave and gay, limited and of greater length, prose and poetry; versatility in composition being one of his qualifications. Seven volumes of the "Peter Parley" series,* "Quintin Harewood," "Paul Preston," "The Boy's Friend," "Alfred Moreland," "Christmas Tales," "Twelve Moral Maxims," "Alan Gilbert's Last Birth-day," "Uncle Newbery's Moral Budget," and many other works, were added by him to the "trade catalogue" for the young.

The periodicals of the Sunday-school Union were also enlivened by his racy, wise, and pious counsels; and for that Institution he wrote "Ephraim Holding's Hints to Sunday-school Teachers." He likewise contributed occasional papers to the "Ragged School Magazine," "The Family Economist," and other serials.

"Truly," he observed towards the close of life,

* The Rev. Mr. Goodrich, of America, was the original Peter Parley: some of the volumes written by him under this title were reprinted by a London bookseller, and, obtaining a popularity, Mr. Mogridge was engaged to continue the series.

" mine has been a prolific pen; and though too often, and too legibly, haste, immaturity of thought, and other errors, have marked my productions, yet it is a source of consolation and thankfulness, in the prospect of leaving behind me the many works I have written, to know that I have so little cause for serious regret. Though not unmixed with meaner motives, glory to God and goodwill to mankind, have ever been my prevailing object and desire. My connexion with the Religious Tract Society has been to me an important one in many respects, for it has supplied me with occupation, ministered to my comforts, withheld me from light and trifling pursuits, and constrained me to the consideration of eternal things. The Committee of the Institution have ever treated me with respect and liberality, and its various officers with undeviating attention."

A few instances of the usefulness of his writings have been given: how many immortal souls have been warned, instructed, encouraged, and established in the faith, by the perusal of the tens of thousands of copies of his fugitive pieces, or little volumes, which have been scattered through the world, can never be known till that day when every man's work shall be tried, and seen in all its results, whether for good or

evil. If we know of a single case in which, by such means, a sinner has been turned from the error of his way, or a fainting believer has been strengthened in his course, we may cherish the hope that there are many more which have never been brought to light. Only the first fruits are gathered now; the full harvest is reserved to the end of the world.

"A good book," says Milton, "is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life." It may teach for ages: succeeding generations of a family may gather from it knowledge, and find in it recreation. One of Luther's tracts, printed at Wittemberg in 1545, was found a few years since in a German household in the back settlements of America. It had been teaching for more than three hundred years: who can estimate the effects of those few pages? And it may yet do good for ages to come. Books of piety have much influence on the history of families. Without over-estimating the value of Old Humphrey's volumes and tracts, or assigning to them a vitality they do not possess, may it not be anticipated that they will comfort in declining age those who are now young, and that their children's children may read them with pleasure and profit?

In the view of facts and probabilities like these, how great are the responsibilities of authorship! The poet Cowper in writing to his friend, the Rev. John Newton, weightily remarks: "An author by profession had need narrowly to watch his pen, lest a line should escape from it, which, by possibility, may do mischief when he has been long dead and buried. What we have done, when we have written a book, will never be known till the day of judgment; then the account will be liquidated, and all the good it has occasioned, and all the evil, will witness either for or against us."

Scarcely less responsibility is laid on the readers. To them, books may become fountains of knowledge and sources of pleasure, or they may poison their principles and corrupt their moral and intellectual powers. How needful then is it to exercise care in the choice of the volumes they read, and to get from the good the instruction they were designed to impart! It is believed that the writings of Mr. Mogridge, whatever may be their literary merit, are free from all that would injure the mind, or debase the affections. They evidently aim to give pleasure, to impart information, and to do good. They may, at least, serve as a relaxation from more solid reading; while they refresh the spirit

and agreeably fill up a few hours of leisure. Young persons, especially, may, by them, be induced to turn from a class of authors, whose works, however captivating in style, only serve to pervert the judgment and counteract religious impressions.

CHAPTER IV.

OLD HUMPHREY AS A TOURIST.

AMONG the peculiarities which had no small influence in forming the character of Mr. Mogridge, and qualifying him for his literary work, was his love of travel. Seven years of his early youth were spent in a beautiful country district as a schoolboy. Here he imbibed an ardent and deep-rooted attachment to natural scenery. As he advanced in life, he sometimes visited the old city of Coventry, lingered in Warwick Castle by day, and in hoary Kenilworth by moonlight; musing, poetizing, and sketching, as fancy or inclination prevailed. A tour in Wales was undertaken, and Tintern, Llantony, and other venerable abbeys were visited. He had passed along the old Roman wall, and, with hazel stick in hand, had freely rambled through Cumberland and Westmoreland, roaming along the banks of every lake the two counties contained. The romantic hills and dales of Derbyshire, and the lovely landscapes of other counties, became familiar to his sight. It was to him a luxury to feel a

liberty-loving mood, leading him to roam abroad amid secluded scenery, to climb the heights, and plunge into the depths, to ramble unrestrainedly amongst objects of interest, to gaze on earth and sky, and to breathe freely the balmy breezes as they blew. For nearly thirty years, he made all but an annual visit to Herefordshire, in which county some of his favourite haunts are found, as Lasket-lane, the Ford and the Ferry, Carey and Capler Woods, the Old Court House, and Fawley Court. These places were the scenes of some of his adventures, recorded by him in the Old Humphrey papers. On one occasion, he set off with a warm-hearted friend to the celebrated ruin of Stonehenge, in Wiltshire; from thence he made his way to Southampton, Portsmouth, Brighton, and other points of the southern coast. Localities connected with British history were to him especially attractive; hence excursions were made to Hastings Castle, Runnymede, Torbay, Windsor, and other celebrated places.

In reference to his solitary rambles, he tells us that he had a habit of musing among the shadowy nooks of quiet spots. Silence to him had a voice that cried aloud to the heart, and he gathered much where little met the eye—pearls of thought and costly gems of profitable reflection.

"I never gazed upon the sky,
But endless wonders met mine eye;
Nor found on earth a place so bare
And destitute, but God was there."

To his mind there were charms in the retired walks of a wide-spread park, in the lonely recesses of a wood, or among the moss-covered ruins of a monastery. He has been seen bending over the dark, deep waters of a pool, or wandering along the banks of an expansive lake. The shades of a quiet valley, or the rugged steeps of a mountain, would at times be peculiarly attractive. He found a well-spread feast in the wild berries of a wood, and a delicious draught in the running stream. Amidst such scenes and objects, in peace and quietness, he traced the wisdom, power, and goodness of God in creation, called to mind the manifold mercies of Providence, and meditated on the wonders of redeeming love. In these rambles, too, he cherished kindly feelings towards all mankind, and speculated hopefully on the future.

After well visiting some of the most interesting sites in his own land, Mr. Mogridge started, with a companion, on a walking excursion through a part of France. At the head of a note-book, in which he purposed to record his adventures, he made the following entry: "In this, and in

all undertakings, I would commit my ways unto thee, O God, my Creator and Redeemer. Direct thou my paths, and be with me and my companion." The passage to Dieppe was boisterous; but the raging of the storm seems only to have aroused his enthusiasm for the grand and terrible. He thus addressed the wide sea: "Vast and illimitable ocean! How does the amplitude of thy power, and the infinitude of thy terrors, set forth the greatness of His might, and the terribleness of His majesty, whose whisper can hush thee to sleep, and whose voice thou art swift to obey! 'Hitherto thou shalt come, but no farther: and here shall thy proud waves be stayed.' Natural scenes, if not always lovely, are ever interesting, whether clothed with beauty or sublimity. Nature, I love thee! and,

"Whether I view thee in the lowly glen,
Where vales recline, or where proud mountains rise;
What time the moon is gliding soft; or when
The glorious sun, careering through the skies,
Throws round creation his resplendent dyes;
Or, where wide ocean's endless wonders be;
Still art thou beautiful to my rapt eyes.
Thy mighty Maker in thy face I see,
And sing his praises while I gaze on thee."

Again, a few days after entering France, his

journal furnishes us with an insight into his delighted feelings at the scenery which broke on his view: "Soon after sunrise, I journeyed on to Forges, near to which a magnificent scene of great extent burst on my view. The sunlit sky and the beautiful scenery much excited me. It was a moment of intense enjoyment; a feeling of liberty, a pleasurable sense of novelty, and a strong emotion of thankfulness to the Giver of all good, came over me, and brought the tear-drops into my eyes. Something like this I have felt on the summit of Skiddaw, and when wandering among the romantic scenery of Derbyshire. I speak not of a mere admiration of natural objects alone, but also of a deep, reverential conviction of His goodness who has so profusely adorned even the temporary dwelling-place of man. Seasons of this kind are precious; there is more of the bliss of existence, more of the free outpouring of the heart to the Almighty Maker of heaven and earth, crowded into the brief space of such a moment, than is to be found in a year of every-day emotions."

The costume of the Normandy peasantry was much admired: their primitive modes of agriculture, and their domestic and personal habits came under his keen observation; while the abbeys, castles, and other ancient buildings, were

objects of a lively curiosity. Passing through Gournay, Gisors, and Chars, he reached Pontoise. Fond as he was of adventure, he now met with one, at a time when he had parted with his travelling companion, which appeared rather of a desperate nature, but which he often related for the entertainment of his friends.

"After a walk of eleven or twelve miles, I entered a cabaret, or town public-house, at Chars, where I was soon joined by a sprightly looking Frenchman, who shrugged his shoulders, and expressed much surprise at finding me there. He said that he had passed me several times while I sat by the way-side, making notes on paper, and he could not make out how it was that I had outwalked him.

"Thinking it a good opportunity of picking up a little French, I agreed to accompany him on the road to Paris, and willing to show him a civility, I paid the reckoning for the refreshment we had both taken. He was in high good humour, had something to say to every one we met, and entertained me by a relation of his exploits when a chasseur under Napoleon. He showed me his scars,

'Fought all his battles o'er again,
And thrice he slew the slain.'

Perceiving, however, in him too great a fondness

for *forte biére*, and also a disposition to trespass upon me, I felt constrained to be upon my guard.

"I was anxious, if possible, to reach Paris that night, though a distance of thirty-four or thirty-five miles, in addition to what I had already walked, was a bold undertaking.

"The chasseur and I, as we journeyed on, by degrees were betrayed into a friendly contention; he attempted to outwalk me. At first the thing was treated as a joke, but it afterwards grew more serious, appearing like a sort of national affair. There was I, an Englishman, by accident pitted, as it were, against a Frenchman; a spirit of rivalry rose within me, and I should have sunk in my own estimation had I allowed myself to be beaten.

"The sun had great power, so that, what with the heat, and our unusual exertion, we were soon bathed in perspiration. The chasseur took the lead, ejaculating most vehemently. My slender knowledge of French, only enabled me to comprehend some of his remarks; they amounted to this, that he was determined to finish me up at once.

"On went my companion up a hill, which must have been more than a mile in extent: being close behind him, his distress was very

visible to me; he kept up to the very top of his speed, wiping his steaming face with his handkerchief every dozen paces. I kept as close to him as his shadow, and never lost a single step; he tried me hard, very hard, but could not shake me off, for I could have taken the lead when he was fairly exhausted. When we came to Pontoise, he entered a cabaret, declaring that he could walk no further.

"There is much indiscretion in allowing ourselves to be led into such unnecessary exertions: the state in which we both were was pitiable, and I felt confident that it was highly dangerous; the rupture of a blood-vessel in such an uncalled-for competition would have been a melancholy source of bitter recollections.

"We had not sat long in the cabaret before I discovered that the cabaretier, or publican, and my companion, were well known to each other, and many little circumstances took place which made me suspect that I was not in the best company. A restless anxiety came over me; I expressed a desire to proceed, and was only persuaded not to do so, by the assurance that a diligence would leave Pontoise about one or two o'clock in the morning.

"Just before the chasseur accompanied me to the house, whence he said the diligence would

start, the host of the cabaret presented me with a note, requesting the honour of Monsieur's company to a little supper. I hardly knew how to escape from this civility to a stranger, and, judging that it might be quite inconsistent with French notions of politeness to refuse, I accepted the invitation, though several things which had already occurred put me on my guard.

"After taking places in the diligence, the chasseur and I returned towards our cabaret, when he proposed to show me a little of Pontoise. We walked up one street and down another, till he entered a house, inviting me to follow, which I did. I soon perceived that it was a low gaming-house. In one room persons were playing at billiards, in another at cards and dice, in a third at different chance games. The love of character and adventure had strong influence over me; and well knowing that no circumstance could induce me to take any other part in the scene than that of a spectator, I stood looking on, while the chasseur, with a familiarity that showed his acquaintance with the parties engaged, joined them in conversation.

"It was not long before he hoped to have the honour of playing at billiards with Monsieur, or at cards, if more agreeable, or, in short, at anything to pass away an hour pleasantly; but

Monsieur was obdurate as adamant. The chasseur then went into another room.

"It may be said that I ought not to have entered, or at least that I ought not to have remained a moment in a house of this description. This is readily admitted, but the object of my French excursion was to see and know as much of France and French customs as my limited opportunities would afford; there was a strong temptation to witness, but none to partake of, the thoughtless follies around me. I am, however, not attempting to justify myself, for I was wrong, but simply narrating a fact.

"Feeling ill at ease, and wishing to quit the place into which I had unwittingly been drawn, I went into the room to beckon away my comrade; he was in close conversation with two gamesters of a very unprepossessing appearance. A more urgent attempt was then made to get me to play. At this moment the host of the cabaret, where I was to sup, came in; it immediately occurred to me that this was by appointment; that I had not been drawn there without a design; the host and the chasseur were to take advantage of the stranger; and this impression was not at all weakened by what followed.

"It was with some difficulty that I got out of the gaming-house, for the party were evidently

disconcerted at my determination to leave. Once more the chasseur and I came to our cabaret.

"On stepping into the kitchen to have my coat brushed, I observed the worthy hostess preparing a salad. Having occasion for an additional light, she wrapped the end of a candle in a lettuce leaf, and then seizing it firmly, she screwed it into a candlestick; after which, with the most perfect *sang froid*, she went on dressing, with unwashed hands, the savoury salad so soon to be laid before me.

"Supper time came, and I sat down to table with monsieur the cabaretier, madame his wife, and my travelling companion, the chasseur. Considering it necessary to be on my guard, I ate nothing but a few heads of asparagus with one or two biscuits, and drank nothing but water. The chasseur called for wine, which forthwith made its appearance, and neither he nor the host seemed to be soon satisfied. Brandy, too, was required, and provided; and being merely a guest I had no right to interfere.

"The by-play carried on between the cabaretier and the chasseur convinced me that mischief was brewing. I leaned back in the corner where I sat, and affected to be asleep, while they

continued to empty their glasses. A consciousness of insecurity came over me from what I had observed, and I determined on no account to retire to rest. It must have been about midnight when the two gamesters, with whom the chasseur had been so familiar at the gaming-house, stalked into the room, and occupied an adjoining table. The chasseur handed them a bottle of wine from our table, telling them, in an under tone, and with a significant shrug, that I was asleep. All this was observed by me, as well as much more that passed, by no means calculated to allay the unfavourable impression made on my mind.

"At one o'clock the chasseur, jogging my elbow, to awaken me from my affected repose, began to intimate that it was time to prepare for the diligence. I signified my readiness to accompany him, when he pushed towards me a little strip of paper, on which was scrawled the following bill:

	f.	*s.*
Veau	3	0
Asperge	3	0
Pain	0	6
Vin	6	10
Gâteaux	1	4
Eau de Vie, etc.	5	16
	19	16

"Nothing could be more apparent than their intention to make me pay for the veal, asparagus, bread, wine, cakes, brandy, and salad, which they had consumed. Nineteen francs and sixteen sous, or sixteen shillings and sixpence, was the amount.

"It was in vain that I affected not to understand their meaning, and afterwards insisted that I had only been their guest: they requested, required, and at last demanded from me the amount, saying that the supper was altogether for Monsieur. Turning round to the two gamblers, I handed them the note of invitation to supper which I had received, and asked them if, under such circumstances, any demand could with justice be made upon me. Shrugging their shoulders, and lifting up their eyebrows, and shaking their heads, they simply replied, that it was Monsieur's business, and not theirs.

"Though inwardly burning with indignation, I felt fully alive to the awkwardness, if not danger of my situation, and to the necessity of keeping myself calm. It was midnight. I was surrounded by those who had the power, and perhaps the will to do me a mischief. When quite collected I could only express myself in French with great difficulty—to do so when excited would be out of the question. My

place was taken in the diligence, and I wished to be in Paris before the inhabitants of that great metropolis had risen from their beds. To resist payment would produce altercation, perhaps violence; to struggle with four ruffians would have been useless; and to be dragged to a police-station would have been humiliating and inconvenient.

"While sternly debating the matter with myself, in came a meagre figure, wrapped up in a coarse great-coat, with a cap on his head and a lantern in his hand, to announce to us that the diligence was ready. I rose directly, threw down a napoleon, or twenty franc piece, on the table, and prepared to depart; but no sooner was the bill discharged, than the cabaretier, the chasseur, the two gamesters, and the meagre man in the great-coat, all informed me that the diligence would not leave Pontoise for more than an hour. The entrance of the man with the great-coat and the lantern was a mere *ruse* to make me pay the bill.

"Determined to quit the cabaret, I made for the door, but found it fastened. Without waiting for assistance, I began to undo the bolts, and soon succeeded in getting into the street, but the night was too dark to proceed alone. I stepped back to ask the chasseur if he meant

to accompany me; and found him tying up a bundle, putting into it part of a bottle of brandy for which I had paid, and making an appointment with his friends to meet him, when they would drink up the brandy. Where this meeting was to be I did not know: dark thoughts rushed through my mind.

"The chasseur led me up one street and down another, apparently pretending that he had lost his road; this seemed to me to be a part of his plan; he evidently wished to delay the time of our departure. Fearing that we might be too late at the office of the diligence, and not without apprehension of being joined by his suspicious companions, the cabaretier and the gamesters, I sharply asked him what he meant by such conduct; and taking the lead, fortunately found my way to the office.

"The inn-yard, a striking scene, is now vividly present to my remembrance. It was a spacious area, a part of which was crowded with chariots, cabriolets, and voitures, with uncouth lumber lying about. The buildings round were high, with an old-fashioned gallery and jutting windows. A half-starved looking stable-man—an English hostler would have been ashamed of him—was in attendance. The large and dirty horn lantern which dangled from his

hand, made the objects around dimly visible. The feeble and flickering light arrayed the place with mysterious loneliness.

"In vain I looked around for the diligence; no diligence was there. In vain I sought the office door to obtain information; the office was closed, the scarecrow of an hostler was the only human being to be seen on the premises, with the exception of the postilion, who was holding a muttered conversation behind the voiture with my half-drunken companion, the chasseur. The valet d'ecurie, or hostler, at last went to the stable, brought out two horses, and began to harness them to an old crazy voiture, when I was informed that the voiture would convey us two or three miles on the road to a place where the diligence would pass.

"This was an arrangement that at first I felt determined to resist; but a moment's consideration told me that I should be in equal danger if I remained in the streets, or even if I returned to the cabaret. Demanding to see the office-keeper or the landlord, I thundered at the door of the auberge, but all in vain; the meagre-looking Frenchman told me that he durst not call his master. I then required to know the exact time at which the diligence would be at the place to which the voiture was

to convey us, and consulting my watch, discovered that of necessity, by the man's own account, the diligence must pass the place half-an-hour before we could arrive at it. Things seemed now drawing to a crisis; and never, in the course of my life, was I so much excited as at this moment; the past rushed upon me; the behaviour of the chasseur on the road, his conduct at the gaming-house, his roguery at the cabaret, the appointment he had made with his companions to join him, and his pretending to lose his way;—all this put together boded no good, and disposed my mind to believe that evil was intended me.

"Here was I alone, in the middle of a dark night, to trust myself in a voiture with a most suspicious companion, with the certainty of being too late for the diligence, and with the momentary expectation of being joined by the host and gamesters left behind us at the cabaret.

"A spirit of determination suddenly came upon me, and no sooner did the chasseur enter the carriage, than I resolved on self-defence, if attacked. It is an easy thing when a danger is past to perceive how we ought to have acted; but the darkness of the night, and a vague surmise of intended violence, wrought upon me,

and raised within me a stern spirit of resistance. The false step which I had made in keeping company with an unworthy companion had led me into errors; and brought me into the perilous dilemma in which I then found myself. All this flashed across my mind; but there was no undoing what had been done.

"Already had the postilion mounted his horse, encasing his legs in his enormous jack boots; already had I set my foot on the steps to enter the voiture, when a trampling under the inn gateway attracted my attention. In a moment I stepped back, and crossed the yard to the gateway. Two figures approached, handkerchiefed and great-coated for travel with a goodly appendage of trunks and portmanteaus, partly borne by themselves, and partly carried by a porter. They were going to Paris: one of them was a German; his English was, if possible, worse than my French; but that did not signify; we contrived to understand each other; and, in five minutes, it was arranged that we should all travel together in the voiture.

"The chasseur, after a private parley with the postilion and valet d'écurie, once more entered the voiture, and doggedly seating himself in a corner, with his brandy-bottle behind

him, soon fell asleep. Every now and then he fell against the German, who, becoming highly incensed, put out the point of his elbow for the chasseur to fall against.

"As I journeyed on, I could not but gratefully reflect on the timely and providential succour which had liberated me from all apprehension. We are apt to acknowledge God's goodness in our more striking preservations, and to forget how continually we are indebted to his protecting care. Not only every day, but every hour of our lives, may we exclaim, 'The goodness of God endureth continually.'

"It unfortunately happened that I had given the chasseur my address: on a strip of paper I had written down the name of the hotel at Paris where I intended to take up my abode; and unless I could get possession of this paper, he and the whole Pontoise party, for aught I knew, might again annoy me with their company.

"When we were between Franconville and St. Denis, the grey dawn of the morning appeared; taking out my pencil, I then asked the chasseur for my address, as though I wanted to make some addition to it. No sooner did I obtain it, than, fully satisfied he had not committed it to memory, I tore it in pieces and scattered it out of the window, asking if he

knew why I did so? He shrank back abashed into his corner, while I related in the best way I could to my new companions the manner in which I had been used. I spoke also to the chasseur, charging him with his roguery, and telling him that if I ever met a Frenchman in England, under the same circumstances as those under which he had met me, I would give him a sovereign rather than wrong him of a single sou.

"Nothing could exceed the attentions of my new friends. In every way they tried to make themselves agreeable, while the chasseur did his best to shrink from notice. We travelled along rapidly, and the moment we arrived at St. Denis, the chasseur leaped out of the voiture, making good his retreat with such precipitation as to leave behind him his ornamented-headed cane, and his beloved brandy bottle, which was found broken."

Old Humphrey, in this narrative, writes as one self-condemned. He seems, however, to have been taught a lesson of discretion by his adventure with the French chasseur, which he was anxious to impress on other tourists, that they might not be beguiled into similar imprudent familiarity with roadside companions and strangers.

The public edifices and gardens of Paris and Versailles afforded to Mr. Mogridge abundant sources of gratification. On leaving the French metropolis, he set out for a walk of one hundred and seventy miles, passing through St. Denis, Moisselles, Beaumont, Abbeville, Nouvion, Montreuil, Boulogne, and Calais. In this ramble he found much that was interesting and pleasurable. Being free from restraint, he wandered as his fancy prompted him; at one time ruminating within the walls of a fortified town, and at others musing among the châteaux and beautiful prospects of the country. After a leisurely excursion, he returned home with a stock of knowledge that could be turned to practical account, and an increased affection for his native land, which he thus welcomed:

Old England! I loved thee in childhood and youth,
Thou homestead of honour, religion, and truth;
Thou land of the brave and the free; giving birth
To the fairest, and boldest, and best of the earth.
Till reason, affection, and memory depart,
I will fling thee my blessing, dear home of my heart.

Mr. Mogridge preferred to be a traveller of the pedestrian order, as affording more of personal adventure, and better opportunity for

admiring the works of God. "'Tis a pleasant thing," said he,* "when you have health and strength, and good spirits, to travel on foot: you can stop when you like, and turn round, and look at a prospect. You can call at a cottage, and talk to the old woman there as she goes on with her knitting; or loiter in the green lane, pulling down a brier, and plucking the delicious blackberries. You can stand and breathe the fresh air, as it comes over the blossomed bean-field, or gaze at the lambs at play in the knolly pasture. You can creep into the copse, and gather nuts from the hazel-trees, bunches of bright brown shellers; or make a posy of the violets, the cowslips, or the dancing daffodils. All these things you can do, and a hundred others; and as you go on, and your bosom beats with happiness, you can sing of the Divine goodness and mercy with a cheerful heart."

To an ardent and undaunted mind, there was united an agile body, which admirably fitted him for the long pedestrian tours he undertook. In his youthful days he was swift of foot, and few of his companions could outstrip him in a race. His school-fellows gave him the name of "Greyhound" for his speed, and that of

* "Old Humphrey's Observations," p. 203.

"Squirrel" for his skill in climbing. When he was in advanced life, a friend related to him, somewhat vauntingly, that he had recently walked thirty miles in one day, while journeying through Kent, when Mr. Mogridge quietly observed: "I have been in my time a good walker too. I travelled in Wales, on foot, forty-two miles in one day; but then, it should be remembered, that I had walked forty miles the day previous, and forty miles the day before that—one hundred and twenty-two miles in three days. But then," continued he, "I like to travel across the country, not troubling myself about the roads; and when I come to stiles and ditches, I can readily vault over them." The same active and inquisitive spirit led him to descend the deepest mines, and climb the loftiest hills; to witness operations in surgery, to visit workhouses, hospitals, and lunatic asylums; and to be a general spectator of public sights in all parts of the kingdom.

The love of travel distinguished Mr. Mogridge to the last, although an injury to his ankle, in the latter years of his life, put a stop to his journeyings on foot. Previous, however, to this affliction, he visited the Isle of Wight, and wrote a work for the young, in his own graphic style, descriptive of this "garden of

England," with his wanderings through its length and breadth. This was followed by a tour to the Highlands of Scotland, and another visit to the lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland. Of these excursions he has left the records in his published works.

In these journeys he made acquaintance with numerous persons, whose society he had sought, or into which he had been cast by the course of events. With some of these, the casual interview resulted in the endeared intercourse of friendship. Among those to whom he became known in his tours, was the poet-laureate, Wordsworth. When in the neighbourhood of Rydal Mount, he could not repress a desire to see the man whose talented writings had afforded him hours of enjoyment. Not with a feeling of idle and intrusive curiosity, but with a sense of deep respect and honour, he wrote rapidly a brief note, in which he enclosed his card, and forwarded it to Mr. Wordsworth.

"And I, too, (among the thousand and one strangers passing through this land of mountains and meres, who would enjoy the same privilege) would fain see Wordsworth. My letters of introduction are a graven brow, a sprinkling of the grey on my head, a respectful and affectionate admiration of the author of

the 'Excursion,' and a pledge that I will not rob him of more than five minutes of his valuable time.

> The Builder of the mountains,
> The Maker of the meres,
> Go with thee, gifted man, and spread
> The sunbeams round thy honour'd head,
> Through this low vale of tears."

On reaching Rydal Mount, he heard the painful intelligence that Mr. Wordsworth had lost his only daughter a month previously. It appeared, for a moment, wrong to trespass on the grief of an afflicted parent, but the very loss increased the desire of Mr. Mogridge to see him. He accordingly delivered his note to a servant; and in a few moments the poet-laureate came forward, and took the visitor by the hand in a most cordial manner. There was a welcome in his words and looks; and in a short time, they were walking together round the beautiful grounds of the Mount, beholding the striking objects of the glowing scene.

The simple and courteous demeanour of Mr. Wordsworth soon made the visitor feel quite at ease. They walked together through the retired walks and mossy alcoves of this lovely retreat, while grave and serious observations and more cheerful remarks alternately diversified their

conversation. When an allusion was made to the promised five minutes, the laureate refused to hear of it. Scarcely less than an hour had passed before Mr. Mogridge took his departure, impressed with the hospitable and benignant spirit of the gifted occupant of Rydal Mount.

The frequent tours of Mr. Mogridge, together with his enterprising temper, often brought him into considerable peril. In trying to pass along the face of the Lickey Hills, in Herefordshire, where the earth had been taken away, the ground, believed by him to be firm, was fragile, and crumbled beneath his feet. The height was great, and deep the gravel pit below; and his escape was little less to him than a miracle. At the ruins of Kenilworth, he imprudently attempted to pass from tower to tower along the high wall, when coming to a broken part, he was compelled to turn back. The loftiness of the wall, the earth and stones giving way beneath his feet, and the action of turning round, affected his self-possession. He commenced his enterprise bravely, but completed it humbly by crawling back along the wall on his hands and knees, narrowly escaping with his life. When wandering in Wales among slippery rocks, he lost his footing, and slid from crag to crag, to the edge of a hole traditionally unfathomable. A rugged

point of a rock, caught by him in his rapid descent, was the means of his preservation. When on a tour in Scotland, he was benighted in a bog nearly twenty miles in extent. Three times a spot was selected on which to rest for the night, and three times he took courage and went forward. At length he extricated himself from his condition, and found a shelter till the morning. Had he taken a false step in some places, he must have perished. When ascending the shaft of a deep copper mine, one of the rounds of the ladder on which he stood, gave way as he laid hold of it, and came out of its place loose in his right hand; had he not suddenly grasped the ladder he would have been precipitated to the bottom. These, and other instances of providential preservation, were often recalled to mind, and awakened a burst of gratitude from his lips. When reviewing these repeated proofs of the Divine protection, he would embody his emotions in a stanza—

The Lord of life, the Prince of peace,
How wondrous are his ways!
Oh, for a harp of thousand strings
To sound aloud his praise.

CHAPTER V.

OLD HUMPHREY IN DOMESTIC AND SOCIAL LIFE.

THE character and personal dispositions of an author may be the reverse of those which appear in his writings. The moralist on paper is not of necessity a moral man in practice, nor does the philosopher always exemplify his principles in daily conduct. Genius may play about the head, while it is uninfluential on the heart. The author of the "Night Thoughts" was a volatile wit in private life, and the rugged-tempered Johnson wrote on the importance of good humour and courtesy. It may, however, be declared, without undue praise, that the man and the Christian, as depicted in the writings of Old Humphrey, were seen in reality in the life of the author. That a feigned character was so well sustained for more than twenty years, may be explained by the fact that he therein represented and embodied—though unwittingly, yet with much truthfulness—his own feelings and habits. The sentiments he expressed were not alien to his heart. He did not act a part,

except in assuming old age before it had quite cast its snows upon his head. In the relations of a husband, a father, and a friend, he was the same gentle, generous, loving, and lovable being as the one he sought to portray in his sketches.

The sunny temper and consistent conduct of Mr. Mogridge diffused an air of cheerfulness through the family circle; and to him his children looked, not only with the respect due to a parent, but with that confidence and freedom which belong to a companion and a guide. As they rose into life, he encouraged them in a free epistolary intercourse, and in the exercise of their powers of composition. To one of his sons he acted the part of a literary censor. The prose and verse of the young author were duly submitted to the father, who, assuming the name of "Sir Christopher Caustic," made the style and sentiments pass through a critical ordeal, after the manner of a modern reviewer; then, changing his character into that of "Sir Francis Fairplay," he took a more hopeful view of the pieces, pointing out any passages which were worthy of commendation. In this manner he became acquainted with his children's aspirations and modes of thought, which he could either encourage or correct, as appeared to him wise and best.

The opposite conditions into which he was led in the path of life—now bright and then overclouded—tended to develop his moral character, and to exhibit him in the varied lights and shades of the Christian life. In early manhood prospects of competence, and even wealth, were before him—not only on his own side, but on that of the second Mrs. Mogridge, whose father was at one time a man of considerable fortune; but Mr. Mogridge did not live long ere he found that it is not the language of poetry only, but of experience also, that

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."

Shadows overcast his path; riches took to themselves wings, and flew away; the hopes of life seemed to fade from his view; yet in the midst of his trials he was enabled, through the power of Divine grace, to comfort himself with pious resignation and confiding trust in God. He touchingly refers to the losses which he was called to endure in his paper "On the Merciful Admonitions of Divine Providence."

"Bound to the earth, as we are, by ten thousand ties, we ought to be especially mindful of those occasional admonitions of Divine Providence which set forth the fading nature of all that is earthly; those merciful remindings that

the time of our sojourning here is short, and that 'the fashion of this world passeth away.' Some require these remindings more frequently than others: I speak feelingly. It is long since my hat has been without crape round it, and my fears often tell me, that while I am permitted to remain here, a monument of God's forbearance and mercy, I shall often wear this symbol of sorrow and affection. An old man's personal friends must of necessity get scarce; it is so with mine; and if I were of a desponding disposition, I might fear, from the inroads that death is making among them, that I should be left almost without any. Even this view, however, is not without comfort; for if, through Divine mercy, we ever enter heaven (and we need not doubt, while we are in the right way), why, the more friends we have to welcome us the better.

"Again, then, I say, that among the first and foremost of the favours bestowed by our great Redeemer, are the merciful remindings of their short tenure on earth; the notices given us to quit our present crazy habitations, a better being prepared for us above.

"A look on ourselves, as sinners, brings a thunder cloud over our heads; but a look at the Saviour puts a sunbeam in the sky. It converts

the wrathful denunciation, 'Depart!' into the loving invitation, 'Come!' And death approaches, not to cut down the barren fig-tree, but to gather the shock of corn fully ripe into the garner of God."

One of the heaviest trials of Mr. Mogridge was the sickness and death of an only and beloved daughter under circumstances calculated, at the time, to cast a deep shadow on his spirits. After the most manifest proofs of talent and piety, with a maturity of Christian experience rarely possessed by one of her years, her mental powers became too vigorous for her physical nature. The mind was for a season darkened, so that she no longer, as she was wont to do, in her soul magnified the Lord, and in her spirit rejoiced in God her Saviour. In reference to this event, he wrote to the late Rev. R. Shepherd, of Chelsea:

"My dear Friend,—I have for some time been walking in the shade. You well know that this is necessary to us all, and I will tell you the cause of my disquietude: not only have I been very far from well, and still remain so, but a daughter who for some time has been absent from me, and whose literary talents and true piety were sources of satisfaction and joy, has returned to me, the shadow

of what she was. Her bodily affliction is great, but her mental malady of extreme despondency is a much greater trial; we are heavily afflicted, but discerning the Hand that holds out to us the bitter cup, we drink it without murmuring. Oh, the blessing of being able, strengthened from above, meekly and unrepiningly to receive the heaviest affliction it pleases our heavenly Father to lay upon us. For this blessing I cannot be too thankful; we have found it necessary to request our friends to act the friendly part of passing by our melancholy dwelling, for my poor afflicted child requires continual attention. Add to these troubles the circumstance that I have before me a letter from the physician attending my dear aged mother, to tell me that any attempt to reach her sick bed before the departure of the spirit to another world, he thinks would be unavailing; and you will then admit that I am walking in the shade. I would not willingly thus intrude upon you the recital of my sorrows did I not think it necessary to do so by way of apology.

"There! now I know that you have forgiven me, and will not forget me at His footstool whose 'mercy endureth for ever.' Believe me to be, my very excellent friend, yours in Christian affection."

This mysterious visitation made his dwelling for some time desolate, and bowed down his spirit. At nightfall he has stood opposite an asylum for the mentally afflicted, with an agonizing heart, looking up at the flickering lights, and anticipating the possibility that his beloved daughter might one day become an inmate of some such home. Painful as were these seasons, he rather sought than avoided them. It was his fervent desire that whatever should be the will of God, he might patiently and uncomplainingly submit to his righteous decrees. The anticipated grief he was spared, for it pleased the Father of mercies to take to himself the afflicted daughter, and to comfort his heart with the strong confidence that she was removed to the world of light and love. His own lines express the submission of his spirit at this time:

True faith, inspired by God above,
Who rules and reigns, whose name is Love,
Will tranquillize the suffering soul,
When waves of earthly trouble roll;
And give the heart, with care oppress'd,
Assurance of eternal rest.

Previous to the daughter's affliction, the most confiding intercourse was encouraged by the

tender-hearted father, more especially in reference to her immortal welfare. A letter from the parent, in answer to one written by his child, will exhibit the free and affectionate communications that were interchanged.

June 9th, 1837.

"My very dear Eliza,—If any circumstance were wanted to prove how little time I have at my disposal, my sending this short note in reply to your extraordinary letter would put the matter beyond doubt. Such a letter deserves a long and a weighty reply, for it is both long and weighty in itself. I read it, as your remark on its envelope directed me, when I was most at leisure. I read it with much care, with much feeling, with much affection, and with much thankfulness; and whatever your future thoughts, words, and deeds, may be, the very circumstance of your having conceived and written such a letter will ever be to me a strong consolation. Your making my poor expression, 'Much as I desire you to be intellectual, I would rather a thousand times over that you should be pious than poetical'—your making my poor expression the target at which, with such an unerring aim, you shoot your arrows, weighs not with me a feather. Spare me not

till I cry for quarter. I read your remarks with increasing emotion, and struggled manfully (and I can struggle hard in such a case); but when I came to the crowning crisis of your observations, 'I will not compromise with the highest attainment under heaven, the brightest wreath of laurels that ever graced mortal brow, for so much as one of my Saviour's smiles,' it brought me upon my knees, and wrung from me the prayer which is now written in pencil on the margin of your letter, 'May God of his mercy and great compassion, knowing the unstableness of his creatures' affections, strengthen this glorious resolution in thy soul.' I do, my Eliza, highly prize your letter, more highly than anything and everything you have yet written; I think it is one of the most talented as well as the most important productions of your pen; it has a glowing and glorious energy, sanctified by the hallowed object and end it has in view.

"But though I thus speak, and though I would not willingly wither the freshness, nor weaken the energy, of your Christian affections, I must try to guard you against undervaluing the sincerity of those who, professing the same belief as yourself, do not manifest the same ardour. Like you, in my youthful days, did

I withdraw myself from every eye save that of the Eternal, and many an aspiration has been poured at his mercy seat, as fervent and as sincere as your own. I have felt that all the world could offer, was dust too despicable for an heir of heaven 'to condescend to accept,' when compared with the 'white robe' and the 'glittering crown' reserved for the faithful followers of the Redeemer; but these aspirations, ardent and sincere as they were, could not always be sustained. Few and far between were those sunny seasons of the soul's rejoicing; and so will it be with you. These fresh, fervid feelings of yours will pass away; nay, I doubt not, have already passed away; and though they will come again, again they will retire. Moses was forty days in the mount three times, but he was forty years in the wilderness.

"The veteran warrior smiles at the ardour of the youthful volunteer—he admires his courage—his disinterestedness—his patriotism. 'Thus was it with me,' says he, 'but in the midst of my ardour and my enterprise, I fell into the hidden ambush of the enemy, and since then, though I admire courage and ardour, I have been backward to blame such soldiers as appear less energetic than the volunteer.'

"My dear girl, so long as we are what we are,

the perishing bits and drops of this temporal being will, at times, take precedence of the bread of heaven, and things that are eternal; but this is no proof that we do not believe in eternal things; neither is it a proof, when a creature of infirmity and inconsistency speaks calmly of religion, that he does not in his heart and soul believe the Bible.

"May religion grow in your soul rather than in your professions. I would rather have you a retiring Christian, than hear your religious course extolled by a thousand tongues. Let humility, and sincerity, and forbearance, and charity, go hand-in-hand together. It would afflict me to hear only that you were an extraordinarily pious young woman, though it would comfort me to know that this was the case. I hardly know whether, from these poor remarks, you will make out the meaning of, my dear girl, Your affectionate friend and father."

In social intercourse the wisdom and kindness of Old Humphrey were seen to much advantage. His gentlemanly and agreeable deportment, his delicate consideration for the feelings and sentiments of others, and his general intelligence, secured for him a welcome in every circle where he was known. When on

a visit in town or country, he soon became a favourite with the young. They were readily won over to his side from the kindly notice he took of them, and his solicitude to promote their pleasures and improvement. Many a family fireside will long cherish the remembrance of the pious old gentleman, whose happy looks made all around him happy too; and on whose lips the children were wont to hang in rapt attention, as he extemporized a story to amuse and instruct them.

It may be readily supposed that this characteristic sociality, as well as the influence created by his writings, would devolve on him a considerable amount of correspondence. The claims on his time for letter writing, indeed, often sorely interfered with his ordinary engagements; but with much goodwill he promptly met the numerous appeals of friendship and duty which arose in this way. His letters were written in the few intervals he could secure for the purpose, and often when wearied in body and mind from long sitting at his study table; yet are they pleasing expositions of the sentiments and feelings of the writer, and illustrate his agreeable method of laying hold of every occasion to do good.

It would extend this brief memorial beyond

the limits assigned to it, were there to be introduced an extended selection of letters to his friends. A few, written under different circumstances, will suffice to show the playfulness of his style and the occasional gravity of his remarks.

"TO MISS ———.

"*Kingsland, Dec.* 30, 1845.

"MY DEAR MISS ———. I have just returned home, and find your kind note on my table. It is now half-past eleven of the clock—a period of time, when on ordinary occasions, ordinary men of prudent habits and upright intentions, are recruiting their wearied bodies and minds with refreshing slumber. But as I am meditating, in a day or two, a rapid run into Herefordshire, and as my intervening moments are already mortgaged for more than they are worth, I must either hurry through a few lines now, or add to my sad delinquency. * * *

"Yes, after a long delay, I wrote to you, and fearing to address you as you requested, lest you should have returned home, I wrote also to our good friend, Miss S———, requesting her to hand my scribble to you; but lo, and behold! when I came to put your letter in hers, it was

not to be found. From that time to this, the note I wrote Miss S——— has been waiting to receive the lost note. Some fine summer's day, perhaps, in the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty-five, should I then be an inhabitant of this world, it may be found among my multifarious papers. * * *

"Now and then, but not often, I have heard your worthy and honoured pastor, to whom God, in his goodness, has vouchsafed powers of no ordinary kind. He has sent me away pondering on holy things, neither ungrateful for the gracious message of mercy, nor for the advantage in hearing it eloquently set forth.

"I conclude that your invalided sister is better, and regret to hear you have a cousin on the couch of affliction. And yet why should I regret? Is it not a light thing for the Great Physician to bid her take up her bed and walk; or so to bless his painful visitation as to turn her mourning into rejoicing? She is in good hands; only let her trust Him, and she shall come off more than conqueror.

"Years ago, in the part of the country to which I am going, I knew two sisters; one was called away from the world, and then the other. At an adjoining mansion, I knew also two other sisters of the same name as the former; one of

the latter is gone, the other is, I hear, going: yet here am I still! Marvellous are the works and ways of the Holy One!

"* * * To your sister, remember me kindly, and also the invalided cousin. Tell her to look upwards and onwards.

"I am pleased that you have so keen an appetite for rural scenery, and the world of vegetation. The trees! the trees! Admire them! Revel in them! But look beyond them.

"Thanking you very heartily for your letter, with respectful remembrances to your parents, I remain, my dear young friend, yours very affectionately."

TO THE SAME ON HER BIRTHDAY.

"*August* 2, 1851.

"Often have I given you poesy on your natal day; let me now give you a word or two of prose. Whether presented in prose or poesy, the offering of the heart you will never despise.

"Autumn, winter, spring, and summer, have passed; the earth has again rolled round the sun; I have journeyed through another year; and once more has the anniversary of your birthday arrived.

"Every passing year is a promoter of change,

and never does the new birthday find us where the old birthday left us. Some are taken from, and some are added to, our circle of friends. We are either in better or worse health, and are stronger or weaker than we were; and even if no other change has occurred, we are sure to be a year older, and a year nearer an eternal world.

"How is it with you? Are you much as you were in the bygone year, or has the change been great? Have you been adding to your mirth and your money-bags, or laying up treasures where moth and rust cannot consume them? To enjoy the present in this world with a thankful heart is a great good; to provide for the future in the world to come, in a prayerful, peaceful, Saviour-loving spirit, is a yet greater advantage. How reasonable, how desirable, how necessary, and how imperatively important it is, that, in passing through things temporal, we should not forget things spiritual and eternal!

"But I meant rather to throw a flower in your pathway, than to read you a homily; take, then, the warm-hearted wish, that yours may be the good things of this and a better world; that you may be blessed in your earthly possessions, and your heavenly hopes; and that every birthday may find you clad in the goodly garments of praise, with the Rose of Sharon blooming in *your bosom.*"

"TO MISS ROSE L———.

"*Brighton, June* 9, 1854.

"I am here with my invalided partner, bathing in sunbeams and sea-breezes. You will soon be similarly circumstanced at Tenby. Health, peace, love, joy, and praise be the companions of your party. As to-morrow will be the anni versary of your birthday, willingly would I have sent you a few verses, but hardly can I get the time to write even this hasty note. Sunbeams and blessings rest upon you! Had your honoured uncle, now in heaven, been with you, his gentle voice and affectionate smile would have congratulated you.

"Not yet has the kind-hearted group which attended me when I left hospitable S——— Hall, passed from my memory. Heartily do I hope that Miss J——— will have cause to look back on this day with joy and thankfulness.

"I shall mentally be among your gathered friends to-morrow, and getting, among other pleasant things, a friendly shake of the hand."

The letters arising out of the free intercourse of friendship would fill many volumes. They have not been sought for, but a few which have *come to* hand may not be without an interest to *the reader.*

TO THE LATE W. F. LLOYD, ESQ.

"*Kingsland, June* 9, 1845.

"Knowing your habits, and possessing the power of creating a vivid resemblance of many of my absent friends, and remembering somewhat of Gloucestershire, I have had many a ramble with you, though you have seen me not. Nor have I forgotten you where we should remember all who have a claim on our respect and mingle with our affections. I fall back with peculiar pleasure on some of our Highbury Park meetings—on your decision—your concentrated remarks — your power of setting to work the thoughts of another—your elasticity of spirit—your spirit-stirring laugh—and, not least, your unusual talent of exposition, and sweet spirit in the hour of prayer. I cannot tell you the influence the last has had over me. It used to affect me as I imagine the church prayers would, if, in addition to their beautiful fulness and simplicity, they took in the occurring circumstances of the day.

"I hope that dear little niece of yours rambles with you occasionally: and I seem to love her when I think she is paying you all the attention she can, getting good from you and doing good to you. May all who minister in aught to your

comfort or pleasure be abundantly ministered to in temporal and eternal things.

"You did indeed surprise me by your relation of your rencontre with my sometime tutor. I owed him much; for when I was a boy he treated me with much attention and kindness. My schoolmaster had strong passions and little knowledge, so that I should have profited very little had not my tutor acted a kindly part by me, and condescended—for it was then a condescension—to treat me as a companion more than as a pupil. I have tried again and again to realize your meeting with him, and I hope that you have seen him since the interview described.

"On Saturday, for the first time in my life, I visited Hampton Court: you have, I doubt not, been there. Those spacious courts and extended gardens reminded me of Versailles, for we have nothing that so much reminds us of the magnificence of Louis XIV. as Greenwich and Hampton Court. I much enjoyed my visit.

"At the time I am scribbling this the weather is here delightful. I trust it is so with you, and that, however slowly, you are adding to your strength. With the heartiest desires for your welfare, I am, etc."

TO THE SAME.

"*Kingsland, August* 18, 1846.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Though I have not written to you, yet have you been much, very much in my thoughts, and the more so because the replies to my inquiries after your welfare, from time to time, have been far from satisfactory.

"Usually, I think, an abstinence from city business, and a banquet of country air, have had a salutary effect upon you; and though I have regretted that the same prescription could not be persevered in by you for a period sufficiently prolonged to render you strong as a giant and fleet as an antelope, yet have you, I think, invariably been bettered by the breezes.

"In my late attack I was sadly prostrated in my strength, yet am I again, through mercy, equal to 'leap over a wall.' May it be the same with you shortly, with an exulting heart beating in your bosom.

"You take your strolls, I suppose, according to your wont, and leisurely mark the waving of the trees; and the soft soothing rippling of the brook, as well as other innumerable solacing ruralities that sweetly minister to the body's health and mind's repose. The worst feature,

however, of this monotonous retirement is, that though it always soothes asperities, it sometimes creates, rather than dissipates, lonely emotions. In illness we frequently want a voice still more cheerful and encouraging than the crow of the cock, the song of the lark, and the general jubilee of rejoicing creation. Our hearts are clamorous for a voice definitely directed to us—a human voice: we want what can sympathize with us, excite cheerfulness, and share our joy. The whistle of the ploughboy is any one's whistle who can enjoy it; the milkman's song is anybody's song; and even the merry laugh of the haymaker is general property. None of these are definitely *ours*—not even one of them of necessity recognises our existence, and the only connexion between them and us, in a melancholy moment, seems to be the circumstance that they happen to take place when we happen to be within hearing.

"I know that such sentiments as these are heresy against that high-wrought love of nature and rurality that sometimes brims our eyes and animates our hearts, yet for all this they are too true. I do hope that your rambles are often shared by those who would rejoice to see you rejoice, and mourn to see you mourn. I hope the cheerful voice of your niece occasionally

rings around you, and also that now and then, but not *too often*, she plots a little good-natured mischief against her uncle."

TO WILLIAM JONES, ESQ.

"*Kingsland, August* 27, 1853.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I am turning my face towards the sea, and shall take it kind of you if you can add to my gratification by supplying me with a few of my publications to put into the hands of such as I think likely to read and to purchase.

'The moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me;
To him my tale I teach.'

I am not greedy, but a few will help me up nicely.

"I should like to run a race with you on the downs, giving you half a dozen yards' start to begin with for your best hat; and I should like you to win.

"I hope that you continue well, and are equal to a brave struggle with old Father Winter when he comes, with his customary freedom, flinging the snow in our faces."

TO THE SAME.

"*Hastings, Oct. 6th,* 1853.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I fear that in not writing a line to you earlier I have run no small risk of calling up in your mind a suspicion that I am either extremely negligent or exceedingly ungrateful. The packet of books with which I was favoured when I came here ought to have been forthwith acknowledged with my best thanks. There are those in the world in whose opinion we would not willingly lose grade, and certainly you are one of them, or rather one of those whose ill opinion would afflict me. Ever since I came here I have been increasingly subject to callers, and there have been too many for my best resolutions. A daily abridgment of my time has been attended with its natural consequences, a want of efficiency in duty, and a delay in things which ought to have been accomplished. Receive now those hearty thanks which long, long ago, ought to have reached your hands. Mr. C—— tells me you have had benefit from your visit to Ramsgate, an information which was received with sincere pleasure. I know Ramsgate, but not sufficiently to picture your wanderings among the rocks and popular localities of the place. Since commencing this

note, I have had three callers, and at this moment there are three artists sketching on the hill below; all of them are expecting me to join them. Two of them are well known to me, the other is a stranger.

"I would, if I could, send you a bundle of sunbeams and a bag of sea breezes from this place, but not being able to do this you must kindly take the will for the deed, and give me full credit for being, my dear sir,

"Yours truly obliged and very sincerely."

Mr. Mogridge was not an inattentive observer of public affairs, though his politics took but little of a party character. On one subject, however, he was most decided—that of opposition to all the political as well as religious encroachments of Romanism. A letter to a friend at the time when the insidious inroads of Popery had aroused the attention of all sound-hearted Protestants, afforded an occasion for a statement of his views of the true nature of that antichristian system.

TO THE LATE REV. RICHARD H. SHEPHERD.

"*Aug.* 16*th*, 1843.

"My good friend, how shall I address thee? Shall I call thee names—Spur of occasion,

Pegasus in poesy, and Prince of promptitude in prose, Foot of swiftness, Hand of readiness, Head of ardour, Mind of amplitude, Soul of energy, and Spirit of friendliness and kind-heartedness? Or shall I say, in the subdued language of truth and sincerity, that I am not ungrateful for all your kindness? I shall store up your suggestions, all of which may be useful; a part of them will be new. One friend in a corner like you is worth a hundred merely respectable acquaintances. * * * I will here copy a few lines from a paper I am now writing, from which you may learn how well we agree on the subject of Popery.

"'I know that Christian charity is urgent in its demands, and that it will not abate a jot or tittle of its requirements, however much opposed to our inclination. It requires the full and free forgiveness of our bitterest enemies, and it is at our peril that we refuse acquiescence in the demand.

Thus spake the righteous Lord of earth and heaven,
"Forgive, or thou shalt never be forgiven."

"If ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you, but if ye forgive not;" see Matt. vi. 14, 15. Not once nor twice, nor seven times, are we to forgive, but

"seventy times seven." The terms, however, on which this forgiveness is to be awarded are stated—the offence must be *repented* of. "If thy brother trespass against thee, rebuke him; and if he repent, forgive him," Luke xvii. 3.

"'But has Popery repented the shedding of the blood of the martyrs, and has it given evidence of this repentance in word or deed? Is not the same creed held as heretofore, and are not the same intolerant principles avowed?

"'True it is that we have no Gardiners nor Bonners exercising their ungodly bigotry and rancorous inhumanity, and that we have no Smithfield and Oldham fagot and flames polluting earth and heaven with the unhallowed incense of human sacrifice; but what warrant is there that this will always be the case?

"'Will you smile at an old man's fears and talk garrulously about the "march of the mind"? Will you tell him that Popery has changed its character, and that cruelty has become obsolete? If you know your own heart, you will be less confident in this matter. Good men have been destroyed by papists, on the charge of "relapsing into heresy;" is there no such thing as papists relapsing into cruelty? Do you not know that unsanctified human nature remains the same? Have we not read in holy writ that the dog will

return "to his own vomit again; and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire?" When the scotched snake recovers, does it not use its poisoned fangs? Why then may not Popery in power do what it has done in former times?

"'It may be that recent ponderings on the cruel sufferings of martyrs, and the unrighteous bitterness of their oppressors, have excited me too much with abhorrence and indignation; but unless my judgment be strangely perverted, I am justified in my present emotions, and I hold it not inconsistent with Christian charity to give utterance to the opinion that so long as there is the remotest probability, I had almost said possibility, of a return of these murderous martyrdoms, these ruffian-minded atrocities, it is a duty to keep them alive in our remembrance, and to hand them down from generation to generation, even to the end of the world.'

"I think to these sentiments you will subscribe, and I know you have forbearance enough to pardon the portion of egotism which has mingled with their avowal.

"I love to think as good men think. Oh! there is something noble, exalted, heavenly, in loving what is lovely and pure, and good, and holy, and waging an eternal warfare against hatred, and bitterness, and cruelty, and oppres-

sion, and sin of all kinds. We are never so strong as when defending a good cause. * * *"

When the heart of Old Humphrey was oppressed with sorrow, or when called to sympathize in the grief of others, there was much tenderness in the expression of his feelings, and pious wisdom in the sentiments he avowed. The ensuing letters were written in times of affliction.

TO A REVEREND FRIEND.

"*August* 30, 1842.

"MY DEAR GOOD FRIEND,—Many thanks for your sympathy and kindness. Yes; 'if the master pleases,' I will send addressed to you for your daughter (whose worthy husband had me among his congregation on Sunday week) a few lines from the pen of Old Humphrey. I thank her for the compliment implied by her request. The waters are gathering yet deeper around me: though not so deep, but, standing on the Rock of ages, I can regard them without fear. My son, aged fifteen, the youngest, is on a bed of sickness: we have cause for much anxiety on his account. My poor daughter will, I think, be here but a short time longer. She is in an adjoining room to that of her brother, sinking very fast. Her physician I think has not a

hope, and I have numbered her among those who go out of great tribulation, to be arrayed in white.

"You see at the moment my hands and my heart are full; and you have too much kindness in your nature, to put any but the kindest construction on this hasty note. I picture you in your study; the blessings of the book of books rest upon you, and they are neither few nor small. You were, when you last wrote, a little cast down; but I hope that you are now a 'mailed man.' More is He who is for us 'than they who are against us,' and we shall even yet be more than conquerors. To good Mrs. Shepherd and your daughter, fail not to make my remembrance acceptable; and never in your list of friends omit his name who is yours with unfeigned affection."

TO THE SAME.

"*Kingsland, May* 2, 1845.

"Since we met, no doubt we have both had a few bodily and mental twinges, without which we should, perhaps, neither sufficiently estimate our mercies on this side the river, nor so often yearn for the sinless and sorrowless peace and joy that exist on the other. What would the

best picture that bright-eyed, ready-handed genius ever flung on canvass be without shadows? and what would all the college advantages be to the wisest and best among mankind, had they not, now and then, a profitable lesson in the school of affliction?

When winds and waves unite to foil
The seaman's skill—the care, the toil
With which he feels oppress'd!
When he surveys the low'ring skies,
Then hope and fear alternate rise
Within his troubled breast.

But if the raging storm subside,
And that for which he deeply sighed—
A pleasing calm—succeed,
He sure enjoys the pleasure more,
From what his mind had felt before,
And then is bless'd indeed.

"Again is the green leaf come, and once more is the breath of spring breathing around, making me yearn for the dell, the dingle, and the dancing daffodils. A rural scene is a library; and the skies, the clouds, the hills, the valleys, the trees, the birds, the insects, the flowers, the leaves, and the blades of grass, are books of prose and poesy, of elegant extracts and of practical information, by which we may improve in natural history, botany, science, and philosophy,

and in which we may read essays on simplicity, lectures on economy, and profitable sermons on the greatness and goodness of God. I should like to pull about the books of this library with you vastly, both of us up to our knees in buttercups, up to our chins in happiness, and our heads and ears in thankfulness and praise. And I always rise in my own estimation as I subscribe myself, my dear, good sir, with Christian affection,

"Your friend."

TO THE SAME.

"*July* 17, 1848.

"MY DEAR GOOD FRIEND,— * * * No disloyalty, no diminution of respect, no lack of affection, youward, occasioned my leaving your note so long unanswered. Doubt it not; believe it fully and faithfully.

"Sorry you are 'unwell,' but this is the *charter*, all covenanted and provided for among the 'all things' that shall work for good.

"Some strange things have occurred, some strange parts have been played on the 'world's wide stage' since last we met; we must talk of them and better things. I trust you can still strike the instrument of 'ten strings,' still *sweep* the heavenly harp with a master's hand,

with a heart-glowing burst of hallelujahs. It is easy to rejoice in sunshine: be it the part of my dear good friend to exult in shadows. 'Though he slay me,' said Job. That is the spirit. Come years; come infirmities, care, pains, sorrows, darkness, and approaching death; still to know Him in whom we have believed. Let this be our aim, to know, to trust, to magnify. * * * I am, my dear, good friend, not likely to be other than yours very heartily and affectionately."

TO THE REV. S. LLOYD.

"*April* 25, 1853.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have just received your kind communication with the shadowy intelligence it contains. It affords me unfeigned satisfaction to perceive in the midst of your mourning that you have strong consolation, and are enabled to look rather to the heavenly glory surrounding your departed brother, than to dwell on the earthly gloom from which he has been mercifully taken. I will not trouble you with my own emotions further than to say that, excepting his immediate relatives, no one will more affectionately foster the remembrance of your departed brother than myself. On his decease I cannot but mourn, because I am selfish, and I cannot but rejoice at his deliverance, *because he was* afflicted, and I loved him.

"I am not unmindful, my dear sir, of your kindness in asking me, in the midst of your affliction, by your own pen, to be one of the mourners on the approaching melancholy occasion. With chastened satisfaction, all well, I will attend, and for this purpose accept your kind invitation. Let me be respectfully and affectionately remembered to the sorrowing hearts around you, and believe me to be, my dear sir, with much sympathy, yours very truly obliged."

TO WILLIAM JONES, ESQ.

"*Kingsland, April* 30, 1853.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have come from attending the funeral of our dear departed friend, Mr. Lloyd. It would have gratified you, could you have witnessed the evident satisfaction your kind letter and the resolution of the Committee communicated at Stanley Hall. They were read by the Rev. Samuel Lloyd to the assembled group with unfeigned pleasure.

"The scene at the funeral, in which the youth of both sexes of the parish assembled, to the number of between two and three hundred, mingled with people more mature, and with grey hairs, was exceedingly suitable. It had *been arranged* for the ceremony to take place

before the factories sent forth their youthful multitudes, lest the church and churchyard should be inconveniently crowded.

"The vault is an excellent one; and many of the girls who attend the church will sit exactly over the dust of their late instructor. As I looked at the coffin as it was lowered to its silent receptacle, I could not but gather around me, in my fancy, all at Paternoster-row, who had been associated with him whose mortal remains were before me, but whose spirit was 'beyond the stars.' 'Who will be next?' said I; and though no audible response reached my ear, the remembrance that I myself was a few years in advance of the deceased, and of those who remained, furnished me with a suitable reply.

"The impression, my dear sir, that you, who so long have been closely linked with our departed friend in the important undertakings of the Society, would like to know somewhat of the closing scene of your honoured associate, is my apology, if one be needed, for this hurried note.

"Hoping that you and yours are well, and desiring that, bodily and mentally, you may be stronger than 'a giant refreshed with wine,'

"I am, ever yours."

TO MISS SHEPHERD, ON THE DEATH OF HER FATHER, THE REV. R. H. SHEPHERD, CHELSEA.

20th May, 1850.

"MY DEAR MISS SHEPHERD,—I really hardly know whether to weep with you or rejoice, whether to condole with you, or to congratulate you—I could do either or all with a full heart. And can it be that my dear, good, and much-honoured friend is now in glory? Shall I never again receive from his talented hand and warm heart, a playful, a friendly, and a patriarchal epistle? 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.' Hardly can there be one who honoured your dear father more than I. I shall go, not a weeping, so far as sorrow is concerned, but as a rejoicing pilgrim, to Norwood Cemetery, when I know where you 'have laid him.' I heartily thank God, who, of his infinite goodness and mercy, has taken to himself my dear departed brother. His gloom is now changed into gladness, and his pains into pleasures. You all know where to go for consolation and strength, even to 'the Rock, the Rock of ages,' in which your honoured father trusted. Grace, mercy, and peace rest upon you all. Affectionately would I be remembered to all.

"I remain, your sincere friend."

To gratify a widening circle of friendship, Mr. Mogridge's muse was often laid under tribute. Birth-day poems were forwarded — in some instances annually—expressive of his hopes and wishes for those he loved. The three following were addressed on such occasions, the first to a young lady; the second, as the lines express, was sent after the birthday had passed; the third was to a venerable lady, who had showed much kindness to the author of it.

TO MISS ———.

August 2, 1853.

Dear Anna, thy birthday again
Sets my heart and my spirits a chiming,
So, instanter, I take up my pen,
To give thee a page of my rhyming.
Though the summer is vanishing fast,
The autumn bee still is heard humming;
Then smile at thy cares that are past,
And look on to thy comforts a-coming.

Do I wish thee long days of delights,
Unshaded by sorrow and sadness;
With painless and peaceable nights,
And awakings of sunshine and gladness?
Ay, all, and a thousand times more,
With the joy that the heart most allureth,
And that jewel, the true "Koh-i-noor,"
Content, and the "hope that endureth."

Too much do I prize thee to tie
  Thy desires where thy heart might be friendless;
Thy enjoyments must stretch to the sky,
  And be dimless, and boundless, and endless.
Be thine, then, a foretaste of love,
  For a season delightful and vernal,
With hereafter a summer above,
  Unchanging, and bright, and eternal.

Be grateful when blessings arise,
  And confide, when thy troubles confound thee,
In thy Father who rules in the skies,
  And his angels shall hover around thee.
Though the summer is vanishing fast,
  The autumn bee still is heard humming;
Then smile at thy cares that are past,
  And look on to thy comforts a-coming.

AFTER THE FAIR.

To Miss ———, *sent after her Birthday, Dec.* 10, 1850.

In the days of my boyhood
  I heard the bells chime,
And set out for the village
  In holiday time;
But, alas! for I loitered,
  And did not get there
(It sadly perplexed me)
  Till after the fair.

Ah me! how the cares
Of the world as they move,
Drive away from our thoughts
E'en the friends that we love,
Till they rush on our hearts
With reproach's wild glare,
And remind us, our friendship
Is after the fair.

In playing the poet
The kind-hearted pen
Should be prompt in its offerings
To women or men;
For the sweetest effusions,
Though written with care,
When too late, may be said to be—
After the fair.

"Alas! my dear Anna,"
I say with a sigh,
"Once again to my grief
Has thy birthday gone by;
And my stanzas, now sent,
Be they worthless or rare,
Will arrive—how provoking!
Long after the fair."

I desire, and I pray
That God's grace may be given,
To guard thee on earth,
And to guide thee to heaven;

But I know to my sorrow,
My wish, and my prayer,
Though they fly, cannot reach thee
Till after the fair.

Forgive me, dear Anna.
Thy pardon shall prove,
That thy heart is a heart
Of forgiveness and love;
But I know thou *wilt* pardon,
And take as they are
These few lines of affection,
Though after the fair.

TO THE HONOURED ANCIENT, ON HER BIRTHDAY.

Honoured ancient, many days
Thou hast worn the garb of sadness;
He who watches all thy ways
Soon shall change thy gloom to gladness;
He whom thou hast trusted long,
Love and mercy go before Him.
He is wise, and he is strong:
Still adore him, still adore him.

Would that I could give relief,
Gently soothe the pains that grieve thee:
But take heart amid thy grief,
He, thy Lord, will never leave thee.

Hark! I hear the angels cry,
"Whither wouldst thou wander, whither?
All is peaceful in the sky:—
Come up hither, come up hither."

Round thee bend a loving throng,
Oh, how ardently they love thee!
Angels are thy guests among,
And thy Saviour is above thee;
Think how hardly he was tried,
When with cruel hands they tore him:
'Twas for thee he bled and died:
Still adore him, still adore him.

He shall change the darksome cloud
To golden beams and silvery lightness;
Comfort thee, and call aloud,
And bid thy sun go down in brightness.
Hark! again the angels cry,
"Goodliest things on earth must wither,
All are fadeless in the sky:
Come up hither, come up hither."

In the days when albums were in fashion, and at times when his young friends tried their skill in musical composition, and required some original lines for the purpose, his pen was in frequent requisition; and though often to his inconvenience, it was not in his nature to refuse a request, whether made by old or young. A

few specimens from his portfolio may be here given.

MERCY.

How oft amid the murky shroud
The sunbeam wins its way,
And breaking from the thunder cloud,
Proclaims a goodly day:—
How often, too, with waving wings,
When judgments seem to roll,
Mercy flies kindly forth, and flings
Her sunbeams on the soul!

THE IVY.

Ivy, thou art ever green;
Let me changeless then be seen;
While my Saviour loves me, ne'er
Let my love grow old and sere.

Ivy, clinging round the tree,
Gladly would I learn of thee;
Clinging, as the year goes round,
To the cross would I be found.

OLD HUMPHREY'S INQUIRIES.

Art thou a pilgrim? dost thou travel straight
By Calvary's cross, to find the narrow gate?

Is Christ thy hope, thy trust? yea, day by day,
Thy guide, thy staff, thy lantern, and thy way?
Canst thou for him renounce thy worldly pride?
Is he thy riches? Is all dross beside?
Is he thy sword and shield in peril's hour?
Thy rock, thy refuge, thine abiding tower?
If, with thy wealth around thee, thou canst bend,
And seek with all thy soul the sinner's Friend,
A beggar still at mercy's open door,
Then art thou rich indeed—if not, thou'rt poor.

WHO ART THOU?

Art thou young, and this world dost thou love?
Oh, why should'st thou thoughtlessly roam?
Thy Father is calling thy young heart above,
And the beautiful heavens are thy home:
To thy home, truant boy, to thy home.

Hast thou number'd the years of a man?
Oh think, then, in time, of thine end;
Though thy griefs may be many—though life be a span,
Yet God is thy Father and Friend:
To thy Friend, man of grief, to thy Friend.

Art thou aged in years and in woes,
And weary, and worn, and oppress'd?
There's a peace for the pilgrim, a place of repose,
And heaven is appointed for rest:
To thy rest, man of years, to thy rest.

"JESUS DIED."

With erring heart I went astray,
In paths of sin, and wander'd wide,
Till Mercy met me in my way,
And softly whisper'd, "Jesus died."

Offended at that sudden sound,
Indignantly I turn'd aside;
But still the voice was heard around,
And still it whisper'd, "Jesus died."

Then Justice cross'd my path, and stood
Erect and stern to quell my pride;
His glittering sword was bathed in blood;
Ah! well for me that "Jesus died."

"Come forth, thou traitor, to thy God,"
His voice in thundering accents cried;
Oppress'd, I sank upon the sod,
And faintly answered, "Jesus died."

E'en as I falter'd forth the word,
He strove his blushing face to hide,
And sheathed in haste his blood-stain'd sword,
And then I shouted, "Jesus died!"

COURAGE, CHRISTIAN.

Though thy sins were untold as the sands,
Thy Saviour has scatter'd them wide;
Oh, look on the palms of his hands,
And the rent and the stream at his side.

So long as thy Saviour shall reign,
And the throne of his glory endure;
So long will his promise remain,
And thy pardon and peace be secure.

The glowing piety apparent in some of the preceding contributions, and others in this volume, partook of a more subdued and chastened character in the Christian life of their author. His piety was indeed of a quiet and unobtrusive character. With great meekness, he would, at times, refer to the lowly, abasing views of himself which possessed his mind. He felt that he must lie very low at the foot of the cross, seeking for salvation only for the righteousness' sake of his Divine Redeemer. But whatever were the sentiments as to his own religious experience, those who knew him best in the family circle, or in the intimacy of friendship, felt that they might, without irreverence, apply to him the Saviour's commendation of Nathaniel, "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile!"

CHAPTER VI.

LAST DAYS OF OLD HUMPHREY.

YEARS passed away in active literary engagements until Mr. Mogridge became a *real* "Old Humphrey." But with advancing age came weakness and affliction; chiefly from the effects of a sprained ankle. He thus describes the occasion of his inconvenience and pain: "I was returning home late (sadly too late for one of my years, for it was eleven o'clock at night, but I had been unexpectedly detained), when suddenly I set my foot on a broken flag-stone. Something gave a snap, but at the moment so intense was my agony that I knew not whether it was my leg or a piece of wood on the flag-stone. A deathly coldness came over me, and I thought that my senses were about to leave me; so, steadying myself against a closed shop-window, I awaited the crisis. A cold perspiration having somewhat relieved me, and being near my abode, I hopped to some palisades by the road-*side;* and with the assistance they afforded me,

contrived to reach my own habitation. What a blessing it is to be calm and collected in bodily affliction! This has hitherto almost always been the case with me, and it was so on the occasion to which I have alluded. I succeeded in getting off my boot, and perceiving how much my foot and ankle were bruised, swollen, and inflamed, immediately applied to a surgeon: happily no bones were broken."

This painful casualty elicited the sympathy and kind attentions of all to whom Mr. Mogridge was known; which he acknowledged in his own cheerful and agreeable way, in the two pieces, "On a Sprained Ankle," and a "Little Gossip about a Lame Foot;"* pieces, which, it is known, have afforded profitable instruction to some similarly afflicted. It soon became evident that the effect of the injury was an impaired state of health. From that time, he was unable to visit his favourite localities, and but seldom to enjoy the society of endeared friends. Instead of revelling in the meadows and among the hedgerows of the country, his study was now the chief scene of his meditations. Here he continued to pen those "Addresses," and "Observations," and "Appeals," which were welcome to thousands of

* "Old Humphrey's Friendly Appeals," pp. 109 and 294.

his admiring readers. He sat from hour to hour at his little table, his books spread around him, the Holy Bible in the most conspicuous place, and a large card before him, on which were written, in a bold style, the three words, ALLURE—INSTRUCT—IMPRESS, to remind him of his work, and the way in which it was to be done.

Nor was his pen less active in this season of bodily infirmity than in times of better health; for his mental power remained in all its freshness and vigour to the last week of his life. The "Leisure Hour," the "Sunday at Home," "The Child's Companion," and "The Tract Magazine," of the Religious Tract Society, were regularly supplied with papers, besides additions made by him to the series of books for the young.

The long connexion of Mr. Mogridge with the Society was mutually pleasant and advantageous. Its Committee and officers cherished a sincere respect for their devoted contributor, which was reciprocated by a grateful sense of their kindness, and a lively interest in the objects they sought to promote. "The considerate attention and liberality of the Committee towards me," he observed, "during my long connexion with the Society, have been beyond my *praise;* and I must be other than I am, if I did

not entertain a lively remembrance of their kindness." Without obtruding private arrangements and matters of delicacy on the public notice, it may be stated, that it afforded to the Committee the highest satisfaction to minister to the comfort of their faithful friend through the whole of his illness, and to express their sympathy in a substantial manner to his mourning and respected widow.

In the spring of 1854, the health of Mr. Mogridge became weaker; and though medical aid was promptly sought, and all the care that the most affectionate solicitude could give was tenderly and perseveringly rendered, yet it became increasingly evident that his labours were drawing to a close. He thus wrote, under date April 20, 1854:

"For more than three months I have been under the doctor's hands, and am, as it were, as weak as water: my hand shakes, and my frame shrinks away. Under these circumstances, just for the present, I am able to do very little with my pen, and at times I cannot write ten minutes in the whole day. I am purposing to set my face towards the country or the sea, with the hope that God, in his goodness, will send abroad the breezes with healing on their wings."

The summer, however, was spent in the chamber of sickness, in much languor and painfulness. He who had often cheered a weary pilgrim in the decline of life, had now to apply to his own heart the rich consolations of the gospel. There was the same happy and devout frame of mind; there were the same humility and faith which had distinguished him in the buoyancy of life. Through the grace of the Holy Spirit, he was enabled to manifest that submission to the will of his heavenly Father, to which he had so often exhorted others; though sometimes in the greatness of his pain, the plaintive cry of the patriarch was forced from his lips: "Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, O ye my friends; for the hand of God hath touched me," Job xix. 21.

The confidence of the beloved sufferer in the Divine faithfulness was undiminished. In the strength of faith he not only adopted the apostle's words, but entered into a realizing conviction of their truth: "For which cause we faint not; but though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day. For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory," 2 Cor. *iv. 16, 17.* "Though I know not the measure

of my days," he wrote, "I well know there is but 'a step between me and death;' and though I cannot tell what yet remains for me to do, willingly would I have my last act to be a deed of kindness, and my last breath to be a hallelujah."

It was in his nature to look at the bright side of every event. He saw an oasis in every desert, and a glittering star in the darkest sky. Not only was he hopeful himself in the season of sickness, but he sought to make all in his family circle hopeful also. When he spoke, his eye was lit up with animation, and his words were full of encouragement. "The blackest night will have a day;" "Many a broken ship gets safe to land;" "Give it up? No, never!" and "Hope on to the end," are words that were frequently on his lips.

The ground of his hope for eternal life had long been before the world. "Without reservation, I renounce all other hope, and look to the Saviour, and the Saviour alone, for salvation. That Christ has died for me, is my hope and my joy, the Rock on which I stand, the boat in which I hope to pass the swellings of Jordan. I have no other plea than this for justification at the judgment day, and no other

claim to enter the kingdom of glory."* In this confidence he reposed to the end. The lowly and contrite state of mind which he cherished are also exhibited in a brief fragmentary paper he penned a short time before his decease.

MAKE HASTE TO HELP ME.

"Hasten to help me, O heavenly Father, for without thee I am as nothing, and can do nothing. 'Make haste to help me, O Lord my salvation.'

"Help me to believe that thou hearest me when I pray unto thee. 'Hear my prayer, O Lord, give ear to my supplications; in thy faithfulness answer me, and in thy righteousness.'

"Help me in subduing my stubborn will, and in humbling my pride, so that I may offer thee an acceptable sacrifice. 'The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.'

"Help me to confess to thee freely my transgressions. 'Lord, I acknowledge my sin, and my iniquity. Deliver my soul; oh, save me for thy mercy's sake.'

* "Old Humphrey's Observations," p. 91.

"Help me to believe that thou lovest me: help me to love thee. 'God is love.' Thou sayest, 'I love them that love me.'

"Help me to see that Thou art ever with me. 'Fear thou not; for I am with thee. The Lord is nigh unto all that call upon him.'

"Help me to be patient under trials and afflictions. 'The Lord will not cast off for ever: but though he cause grief, yet will he have compassion, according to the multitude of his mercies.' 'Ye have need of patience, that, after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise.'

"Help me to forgive injuries. 'If ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you; but if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.'

"Help me more diligently to read the sacred Scriptures, and better to understand their gracious contents. 'All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness.'

"Help me to value more highly the means of grace, and to encourage more stedfastly the hope of glory, through the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world. 'Serve the

Lord with gladness: come before his presence with singing. Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and bless his name.'

"Help me more clearly to discern that Jesus Christ is my only hope and my all: having him, I possess all things. 'Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee.'

"Help me, at all times, to know, and to do Thy sacred will:

> To love and serve the Lord on high
> With earnest, best endeavour;
> Then will I praise and magnify
> Thy holy name for ever."

The smallest offices of Christian friendship, and the humblest acts of kindness, called forth expressions of gratitude. The churlish temper of "Farmer Grumley," which he has so graphically described when it was soured by sickness,* never brought discomfort into Mr. Mogridge's dwelling. The loving care of his wife enkindled the tenderest emotions in his heart; nor were the most ordinary attentions of a faithful domestic servant, (who had been as one of his family, for

* "Old Humphrey's Observations," p. 19.

more than thirty years—a fact alike honourable to both parties) received without some word of thankful acknowledgment.

But whilst susceptible of the most grateful feelings for human kindness, his breast glowed with loving adoration to God for the support and comfort he found in the season of trial. "Put me into your prayers, and put me into your praises," he said with much earnestness, as he grasped the hand of a friend after a profitable interview. His chamber was indeed illumined by the hope of eternal life. "I never think of death," he said, "but I think of heaven:" they were so connected in his view, that the gloom of the one was irradiated by the glory of the other.

"A good and excellent thing it is," he thus expressed himself, "in the midst of the manifold changes of the world, to have our hearts fixed where alone true joys are to be found, and to be able to say, in deed and in truth, 'My times are in Thy hand;' 'I will bless the Lord at all times: his praise shall continually be in my mouth. O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.'"

In the same Christian spirit he wrote: "Even now I am indulging in an imaginary scene: I am looking onward to the time when I shall

have been called away from the world; when this hand of mine shall be mouldering in the grave, and some reader, in a contemplative mood, shall be pondering my humble writings. I am neither ambitious, nor solicitous on other points, but I do wish him to believe that Old Humphrey had a warm desire ever glowing in his heart for the welfare of his fellow men, and an ardent anxiety to extend the glory of the Redeemer." Those who best knew the writer of these sentiments will not regard them as the language of egotism, nor of an undue estimate of the influence of his writings, but as the utterances of a sincere and loving spirit.

A visit to Hastings was suggested as likely to prove beneficial to the poor sufferer. The account of his journey thither, and of his last days, is touchingly recorded by his heart-stricken widow:

"In the latter end of August, 1854, the dear invalid felt a strong desire to visit Hastings, hoping that he should again be benefited by the sea breezes, as in former years. Several days were fixed on for his departure, before he could finally leave home, and then his weakness was such that many of our friends feared he would *sink by the* way, and never reach High Wick-

ham, a spot adjoining the above town. But God was better to us than our fears.

"Previous to his departure from home, our kind medical attendant, Dr. Miller of Stoke Newington, (whose disinterested attentions were invariably experienced,) having candidly told him one day, in reply to his inquiry, that he did not think that he could recover, the dear invalid took the doctor by the hand, thanked him for his frankness, and said, 'I must now buckle on my armour;' to which Dr. Miller replied, 'No, my dear sir, that is unnecessary; your armour is already buckled on.' During the remainder of the day, I was struck with his unusual cheerfulness; he seemed like one journeying pleasantly onward to his home, and we conversed peacefully and joyfully on the everlasting future.

"For the first few days after we reached Hastings, many unfavourable symptoms appeared; difficulty of breathing, increased weakness, and want of appetite; but, by degrees, the pure, fresh air, and a little gentle exercise, seemed to give a temporary toning to his whole frame, and revived our hopes of his recovery; for dear Old Humphrey could once more reach the East Hill, sit on the green turf, and gaze into the beautiful churchyard of All Saints, in the vale below. No wonder the wish passed

through his mind, that when his immortal spirit had passed from its frail tenement, his poor remains might have such a peaceful resting place.

"Being in such a weak state of health, my dear husband wished for perfect quiet, and had requested those about him to give no intimation of his arrival in Hastings, nor did they: but before many days had passed, there appeared a friendly notice of him in the *Hastings and St. Leonard's News*. 'Mr. Mogridge, better known to several readers by the familiar name of "Old Humphrey"—the usual signature to his literary articles—is staying at High Wickham, in very indifferent health. We trust his sojourn in this healthy locality will prove beneficial to him.' After this announcement, many residents and visitors were anxious to get a peep at 'Old Humphrey.' Some gave him a friendly glance as they passed the window, while others desired to shake him by the hand, and thank him for the pleasure his pen had afforded them. He was greatly indebted to a lady, who very frequently took him delightful drives in an open carriage, so that he enjoyed the sea breezes and fresh air without any fatigue, and felt at the time greatly refreshed and invigorated."

From this favourite spot, Mr. Mogridge

forwarded a few notes to his friends at the Tract Society, though the tremulous character of the writing showed the extreme feebleness of the hand that held the pen.

"*Hastings, Sept.* 6, 1854.

"MY DEAR SIR,—It has pleased God to visit me with another sad relapse, which has reduced my strength to perfect weakness; nevertheless, through mercy, I have been enabled to journey to this place. It has compelled me to lay aside my pen. I am in the hands of my heavenly Father, and he will do what is right concerning me. If you send on Friday, please say how Mr. Jones is. A heavenly influence rest on the Society for good."

His last note, by his own hand, to the Society, bears the date Sept. 21, 1854.

"4, *High Wickham, Hastings.*

"MY DEAR SIR,—I forward a few pieces, and I trust there is not a bad one among them. Hastings air begins now to tell on me. I have treated myself with two rides with much benefit, and yesterday I hobbled the length of the little garden. Please tell me have you been to Scotland? Does Mr. Jones continue better and what is the present state of the cholera?

May God in mercy preserve our bodies, and influence our minds to seek his glory."

Among the numerous manuscripts he left behind him, are many evidently unpremeditated effusions, which may be regarded as indicative of the temper of his mind in the hour of heavy trial:

Press on with heavenly hope and godly fear,
The present hour is worth the future year;
The minute past, the fleeting moment o'er,
Nor men, nor winged angels can restore.

I would wish, now my life is drawn near to its close,
And its golden allurements are dross,
To retire from its follies, its pleasure, and woes,
And lie down at the foot of the cross.

Take courage, though thy joys be few,
Though rough the path thou dost pursue;
The Hand that brought thee hitherto,
Will hold thee up, and bring thee through.

In the month of October, by another hand, he addressed the Society for the last time:

"It is now getting very chilly on the hills, and *I have* caught a trying cold. Something very

like an ague fit held me shaking for an hour, but it has not returned."—The world was now rapidly receding from his view. He had laid down his pen, no more to resume his delightful work. The shadows of death were on his path, yet all was bright above him. His afflicted widow's narrative will present to us his state of mind at this solemn season :—

" It will rejoice the hearts of many to know that in the midst of much pain, and great bodily weakness, the poor sufferer's faith, hope, and thankfulness were undiminished ; and that, like David of old, he could feelingly say, ' It is good for me that I have been afflicted,' Psa. cxix. 71. His mind, during this trying season, seemed to attain a deeper solemnity than ever ; and he saw more and more the beauty of holiness, and found in the precious promises of God's holy word all that was necessary to reconcile him to the merciful dealings of his heavenly Father, and to enable him to say, ' I know, O Lord, that thy judgments are right, and that thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me.'

" A friend having alluded, in a note, to the useful writings of Old Humphrey, he remarked : ' I am a poor, weak, sinful creature ; no praise is due to me ; give God all the glory. If he has

enabled me, in any way, to be useful to my fellow-creatures, to him be all the praise!'

"His sufferings were often very great, but not one murmuring or fretful word escaped from his lips. In a little piece which he dictated for me to copy for him, while lying in bed, he observed, 'My burden is very heavy, but God in his wisdom and goodness has laid it upon me. My furnace of trial is very hot, but a merciful Saviour is with me therein, comforting me, and sustaining me. In his faithfulness he has not failed me, nor been unmindful of his promises. He has kept my lip from repining at his holy decrees, and my heart from rebelling against his righteous commandments.

'I have laid myself down on my bed,
I have lean'd myself back in my chair,
To get ease to my heart and my head,
If haply relief might be near;
But the cordial that makes my heart glow,
Is to trust in my Saviour alone;
And the easiest posture I know,
Is to kneel very low at his throne.'

"At one time my husband remarked, 'I am never alone; I see God in the darkness, I hear his voice in the silence, he is ever present with *me*. *His* ways are often mysterious; there are

many things we cannot now understand, but there is a needs-be for all our sufferings, much sin in us that wants purging away; and when in glory, the contrast may heighten our bliss. Here we are for ever sinning and sorrowing; but there we shall enjoy entire freedom from sin—peace and rest for ever. Earth will be exchanged for heaven, gloom for an eternal weight of glory; and pain, sickness, and sorrow for everlasting joy. There is nothing fearful in death. What is it? It is but a removal to our happy home.'

"The prevailing attitude of his mind was that of deep humility, and cheerful resignation. He was continually praising God for his many mercies, and for the freedom from pain which, at some seasons, he enjoyed; and he often repeated the verse,—

'Sweet in the confidence of faith
To trust his firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.'

"One day he said, 'Should any one ask me the ground of my hope of everlasting life, I would reply, It is this: I am a sinner, and Jesus is a Saviour; he died to save the guilty, and he died on the cross for me.'

"Very, very often, he felt truly grateful for the peace and rest he enjoyed, and freedom from anxiety; and frequently expressed his thankfulness to his heavenly Father in having raised up for him such kind friends in the Committee of the Religious Tract Society, who so liberally provided for his wants. He was also equally grateful to the Father of mercies for the kind sympathy and friendly feeling ever manifested towards him by the gentlemen connected with this valuable Institution. 'How different it would have been,' he said to me, 'if I had been obliged to exert myself to do something to supply my wants in my present feeble state! But God is indeed very good to me; he has never left me, and he will not forsake me now. God is what he ever has been—a Rock and a Refuge to those who trust him; a very present help in time of trouble. When his servants of old were in heavy trials, he was with them; "In all their affliction he was afflicted, and the angel of his presence saved them." It is even so now, and thus will it ever be. "He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them."'

"Sometimes in his peaceful, happy moments, *when free* from pain, he would burst out into a

song of thanksgiving and praise to his merciful Redeemer. One evening I was particularly struck with the unusual sweetness of the tone of his voice: it seemed as if the dear invalid was already anticipating the strains of glory. Now and then, when seated by his bed-side in the twilight, he would ask me to repeat to him a hymn. The following was one of his favourites:

'Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide;
The darkness thickens: Lord! with me abide.
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh! abide with me.

'Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see:
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me.

'I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is Death's sting? where, Grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

'Reveal thyself before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.'

"Towards the close of life, his Saviour seemed peculiarly precious to him—his 'All-in-all;' and he delighted to speak of him in his various attributes of love and mercy; he felt himself a sinner, saved by free grace alone, and continually sought the aid of the Holy Spirit to keep him from falling into evil.

"One day, when much exhausted, the dear invalid tried to sit up a short time, but, being too feeble, swooned away, and was much convulsed, which alarmed our faithful servant and myself greatly. No sooner did he revive a little, than with his accustomed kind consideration for those around him, he began to hum a verse of a hymn to cheer us, and to prove to us that he was better.

"Though wonderfully supported in the season of trial, yet, being naturally timid, the thought of losing my delightful earthly companion, my protector and friend, on whose superior judgment I could ever so confidingly rely, and from whose lips I had so often taken sweet counsel, no doubt, cast an anxious shade over my brow; and once he soothingly remarked, 'We know not what *may* be, but, perhaps, should it please God to remove me to a better world, I may, at times, be permitted to be nearer to you than you now *imagine*; I may look down upon you, and watch

all your little plans for the future, smile on you, and be allowed to suggest good thoughts to your mind.'

"It is indeed 'a source of continual comfort,' as my dear husband remarked, 'to be enabled to commit ourselves into the hands of a merciful Saviour and Redeemer, satisfied that he will do that which is right concerning us in all things. Surely we may with confidence give ourselves up into his holy hands, who died for us upon the cross, and cast all our burdens upon him who has promised to sustain them.'

"Friends, who saw his wasted and enfeebled frame, were much astonished at his mental vigour. It was truly wonderful, at times, to observe and feel, 'that this flesh is no match for the mighty spirit.' But disease, in various ways, had made such fearful inroads into his constitution, that it was impossible for human efforts to stay its progress, and the dear sufferer had not strength left to contend with another sad relapse.

"It was very distressing to hear his incessant cough, and to witness his great difficulty of breathing. On Sunday, the 29th of October, when suffering from much pain and extreme exhaustion, he said to me, 'This is passing through the deep waters, is it not?' To which I replied, 'Yes, it is indeed; but God is with you, his

rod and staff will comfort you.' Then, in a moment, fearing lest I should feel uneasy, he added, 'But I believe I shall get better again.'

"He was truly grateful for every little attention paid to him, and always fearful of giving the slightest unnecessary trouble; and cheerful to the very last, not long before he died, he tried to sing,

'Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be:
May that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.'

"A friendly call from a neighbouring clergyman, the Rev. T. Vores, was a great comfort to him; and when he was gone, with a feeling of deep humility, he expressed his gratitude for the kind visit.

"For the last two days his bodily sufferings were very great, but his faith and love were still greater; and his almost inaudible voice was employed, at intervals, in prayer and praise, and in encouraging those about him to '*look upwards.*' 'We shall meet again,' he said to me with a smile.

"An hour before his happy spirit took its flight to glory, the Rev. John Cox, of Woolwich, *called to* see him; he accompanied me to my

beloved husband's bed-side. It was a solemn season ; we all knelt down, and the pious servant of God offered up a sweet and fervent prayer for the poor sufferer, then in his last agony. We afterwards stood around his bed in perfect silence. In a little time his countenance became unusually calm ; his mild blue eyes were turned towards heaven, and the expression of his dying face was sweet in the extreme—so calm and peaceful. It appeared to me that he was gazing on what we could not see; that he had a glimpse of the happy spirits, who were already hovering around him, and waiting to convey his freed spirit to glory. There was a look of rapturous surprise in the eye, and a transient smile passed over the lip, that seemed to say, 'I am coming, I am coming.' Not till his under lip began to fall, were we aware that the soul had departed. We again knelt down, and the kind minister earnestly prayed that support and consolation might be granted to the poor survivor who had lost her dearest and best earthly friend.

"Never shall I forget that impressive scene. Oh! may we all seek for Divine guidance, to enable us so to live, that we, too, may die the death of the righteous, and that our last end may be like his. 'Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints,' Psa. cxvi. 15.

"I have indeed been highly privileged, in having had such an affectionate husband, companion, and friend; and though painful to be the survivor, I feel thankful that my life has been spared to add to his comfort to the last. The Lord has wonderfully supported me hitherto, and will, I hope, increase my faith and confidence in him, and enable me, like my beloved husband, to go on my way with cheerful resignation, endeavouring to rejoice in his goodness and mercy."

Mr. Mogridge departed this life, November 2, 1854, aged sixty-seven.

It is scarcely necessary to add to the preceding affecting account; but the following particulars are not without a value, as showing the impressions made on the minds of those not of his household, who were privileged to visit the dying believer in his last hours.

A Christian lady, resident at Hastings, in describing her interview, says: "A rich vein of piety, sentiment, and deep reflection, ran through his whole conversation. He told us that he had been brought down to the portals of the grave to have the bands loosened which too strongly attached him to earth, there to learn perfect acquiescence in the Divine will, and *there to* experience how *sure* was the support in

the hour of anticipated dissolution, and how soft at such a moment were those 'everlasting arms,' which had borne him so calmly and so safely through the tempest-tossed ocean of life. He expatiated largely on the kindness of God, in 'filling the hearts of so many with love to Him.' And as the tear of gratitude glistened in the eye, whilst the fingers were involuntarily lifted to wipe it away, beneath the spectacles, we could not but feel that truly 'the law of love was on his lips, and the law of kindness in his heart:' the peace of God was in his soul—the highest, most ennobling, and exalting pleasure *his* below the skies, and *his* the rich reward, the crown of glory above."

The Rev. John Cox has furnished an interesting account of his interview in the chamber of death :—"On visiting a well-known watering-place, to spend a few days with an esteemed friend, I was informed by her that Mr. Mogridge, commonly known as 'Old Humphrey,' was staying there in a very ill state of health, and that it was feared he would not long survive. He had been out twice for a ride with my friend, and had enjoyed the scenery beyond what might have been expected from the state of his health; but now he was unable to leave his room. We visited him, but he was too ill

to be seen. I called a day or two after; he was still worse. The next day, November 2, I went to inquire, and was introduced to his chamber; he was evidently sinking fast; the restlessness of death was upon him. Amidst gentle moans, expressive of agony, arising from great difficulty of breathing, we could distinguish the words, 'Lord,' 'mercy.' I repeated to him some passages of Scripture, and engaged in prayer. From his manner we supposed that he entered into the petitions offered; but he had nearly done with prayer, and within half-an-hour after, as if dropping into a peaceful slumber, his gentle and sanctified spirit passed away without our even noticing the last sigh.

"As I sat at the foot of the bed amidst the stillness of the dying chamber, expecting every minute that his ransomed spirit would leave its worn out tent, as I gazed on his strongly marked, placid, yet attenuated features, at his late healthy frame, reduced to a skeleton by disease, varied thoughts and emotions passed through the heart. There lay the hand calm on his breast, which had so often wielded the pen by which so many had been instructed, pleased, encouraged, and profited. That hand was still now; it would write no more. What a mercy, *I thought*, is it that Divine grace took possession

of that heart, sanctified that intellect, and employed that hand! Had the talent with which he was endued been devoted to the service of sin; had he tried to act the buffoon, to turn truth itself into ridicule, and make it his life's business to teach people to laugh; and had he succeeded to his heart's desire, amused the multitude, enriched himself, and left volumes of wit and humour behind him, how dreadful would it be to think of all this now, and while looking upon him as a dying man! Surely this is a serious work which he is now doing. Death is a solemn thing; yes, and life is a solemn thing also, and so it appears as viewed from the dying hour. I blessed God who had thus enabled him to consecrate his peculiar talents to the Best of masters, and to endeavour to be ever teaching truth, and alluring souls to glory by the paths of pleasantness.

"Again, I thought this good man will still live when he is dead. And so, a few moments after his departure, we who witnessed the scene kneeled around the breathless clay, so calm and placid in death, and gave God thanks for all his grace and goodness toward the departed; implored consolation and strength for the bereaved widow; and entreated that all present might be enabled to live nearer to God and

more for his glory. I felt the value of the Saviour's words, 'He that liveth and believeth in me, shall never die.' The active spirit was now emancipated and had entered on an eternity of sinless service; and Divine testimony assured us that the deserted tenement would, 'when the Lord himself should descend with a shout,' 'be fashioned like unto his glorious body.' I rejoiced also that the truth of God would live and exert a beneficial influence, whatever instruments passed away; and that the works of him who now rested from his labours would yet be blessed. Let all God's saints, while life lasts, and opportunity offers, seek to sow truth broadcast. Our dear old friend wrote some of his little telling papers amidst pain and weakness only a few days before his death. His labour and his life ended very near together."

Many are very anxious about the resting-place of the body, when the spirit shall have departed to an eternal world. At one time, Mr. Mogridge expressed an indifference on this point, as the remains of those he loved while living had been entombed in widely distant lands; but in his last visit to Hastings he selected a spot where he wished to be laid. He *had* often sat on the slopes of the East Hill,

HIGH WICKHAM, AND ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, HASTINGS.

amidst the blackberry bushes, furze, and heath, looking on the outstretched expanse of sea, the ruins of the ancient castle on the West Cliff, and the deep ravine below, meditating on those subjects which he afterwards embodied in the papers he has given to the world. Behind him was the pathway to his beloved Fairlight Downs. Beneath him, on the lower side of the hill, lay the picturesque graveyard of All Saints; and there, in the upper part of the ground, against the upper wall, at present a spot almost untenanted by the dead, he desired that he should be interred.

His wish was faithfully regarded. The two sons of the deceased, with two old and attached friends, and a gentleman from the Religious Tract Society, as its representative, followed the body to the grave. A considerable number of visitors and towns-people were also present, watching with deep interest the last ceremony.

It was a fine day, at the close of autumn, when the brambles and heath on the hill above the churchyard were tinged with a golden brown, and when the leaves of the trees were falling into the opened grave, that they bore the remains to their resting place. The sun was shining in the sky with unusual brilliancy for the season of the year, and casting its rays on

the wide waters. The heavens and the earth were bright and beautiful. It was a fitting time for such a burial; for it was such a day as the departed enjoyed when living, that the mourners followed his body to the tomb, in sure and certain hope that it would attain, through Christ, to the resurrection unto eternal life; and as it was lowered into the ground, they thought of his own pleasant words: "Now another harp is heard in heaven! Another shout of thanksgiving has resounded above the starry pavement of the skies! Another burst of hallelujahs has welcomed an aged servant of the Redeemer to the mansions of the blessed."

And now from the solitude of that graveyard, a voice addresses the readers of Old Humphrey's papers and memoir. It is the parting appeal. Interpreted aright, it calls to all to prepare to meet their God, by a life of faith in Christ, manifested in a life of obedience to the Divine commands. Realize the great purpose of existence; ponder on the rapid flight of time; forget not that "the night cometh, when no man can work." Let the salvation of the soul be a personal, an immediate object; without delay seek mercy at the foot of the cross. Then, with Christ in the heart the *hope of glory*, let "every one according to his

several ability," seek to advance the cause of truth and righteousness in the earth. Whatever be the talent possessed, or the field of labour enjoyed, occupy it well and diligently. Whether you aim to do good by active beneficence, or by passive submission; whether by the utterances of the lip, or the written thoughts, or the diligence of the hands, see well to it that all is done for the honour of the Saviour, and under a sense of the love and service you owe to him. "Wherefore, gird up the loins of your mind, be sober, and hope to the end for the grace that is to be brought unto you at the revelation of Jesus Christ," 1 Pet. i. 13.

C.

A neat and substantial monumental stone marks the spot where he was laid, inscribed :

TO THE MEMORY OF
GEORGE MOGRIDGE, ESQ.
OF KINGSLAND, LONDON,
BETTER KNOWN, IN NUMEROUS WORKS, AS
"OLD HUMPHREY."

IN HIS WRITINGS
HE SOUGHT THE HONOUR OF GOD, AND THE
HIGHEST HAPPINESS OF MANKIND :

IN HIS LIFE
HE ADORNED THE DOCTRINES OF THE GOSPEL :

IN HIS DEATH
HE REJOICED IN HOPE OF THE GLORY OF GOD,
THROUGH THE MERITS OF JESUS CHRIST
HIS SAVIOUR.

CHEERFUL HE PASS'D HIS DAYS BELOW,
THOUGH THORNY PATHS HIS FEET HAD TROD;
FOR HE HAD FOUND IN EVERY WOE
THE MINGLED MERCIES OF HIS GOD:
AND THEY SUSTAIN'D HIM IN HIS FEARS,
IN YOUTH, IN MANHOOD, AND IN YEARS.
"OLD HUMPHREY."

HE DIED AT HASTINGS, NOVEMBER 2, 1854,
AGED 67.

THE COMMITTEE OF THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY
HAVE CAUSED THIS STONE TO BE ERECTED,
TO MARK THEIR HIGH ESTIMATE OF
HIS CHARACTER AND WORKS.

OLD HUMPHREY'S PORTFOLIO.

THE PORTFOLIO.

THE activity of Old Humphrey's mind, and his readiness in composition, are seen in the large number of unpublished manuscripts he has left behind him. They commence with the early effusions of his youth, and range through different periods of his life, to his closing days. They vary in subject and style, being descriptive and didactic, on general topics and religious themes, light-hearted and grave, in prose and verse. Some of the pieces are marked by much tenderness of feeling, others by energy, and many by his peculiar, telling quaintness, while all are consecrated to truth and godliness. The Gleanings which follow are chiefly from his Portfolio and Study-table.

A few poetical specimens have been interwoven in the preceding Memoir: a further selection will be now made.

Of his unpublished prose compositions, the Religious Tract Society possesses a considerable store, from which it is proposed to issue, from time to time, many papers that will be acceptable to those who admire the author's writings.

THE OLD MAN ON THE RIDGY POINT.

See, yonder the old man comes again, with his stick, picking his way along the ferny broken ground of the High Downs. He is a stranger to the place, and has perhaps come here for his health: he walks about alone. I have met him on the beach, where the billows fling their foam on the shingles; in the solitary glen, and the retired lane, always by himself, always musing. I saw him yesterday, and the day before, and the day before that too; and I marked his thin grey hair, for the wind was waving it as I passed by. He looked calm and thoughtful, but not melancholy. There was that in the old man's face that set me thinking.

As he passed along the side of the Downs, the first time I saw him, the sun was setting beyond the windmills on the opposite hill; the old Castle ruin looked dark against the sky, and the fisher's skiffs lay motionless on the sea. The old man stood on the Ridgy Point that commands a view of the valley, and I thought he *was looking* at the setting sun.

The next time I saw him on the Downs it was at the same hour of eventide; but the sky was overcast, the wind had risen, the sea was rough, and the fishing-smacks were rudely tossed about on the billows of the mighty deep. He stopped when he came to the Ridgy Point, and stood like a statue. I thought he was looking at the restless ocean.

Yesterday it was a little later when the old man came to his favourite spot, for the sun had set, and the ocean was hardly visible. Once more he took up his accustomed standing-place, and fixed his eye intently; but I knew then that he could not be looking at the sea or the sun. "What can it be," thought I, "that draws him to the spot so constantly? What can it be on which he bends his eye so steadily?" When I walked near him the truth flashed upon me at once.

For three evenings together, as I have already said, had the old man come to the same spot at nearly the same hour. He made no difference whether the sky were bright or gloomy, or whether the day were windy or calm. I wonder that he does not walk with the people on the parade, when the band plays; but no, he keeps to the High Downs.

In the valley below, and it may be about a

furlong from the Ridgy Point, is a church, with a graveyard attached to it. The church is an ancient, grey, weather-stained building, that might almost pass for being a thousand years old. Both the tower and body of the antique edifice are roofed with red tiles, somewhat out of keeping certainly, but age and moss, and revolving years are beginning to make the tiles harmonize with the stone work. The churchyard is in two parts, with a row of large trees between them. It has hundreds of graves.* The old man was too much occupied to take any notice of me; he was looking at the grave-stones.

It might be that some friend of his was sleeping below one of the green hillocks or flat stones, and that the mouldering tenant of the tomb was rising in his remembrance. We do sometimes think affectionately of those who have been called away from the world, and especially if they have been very dear to us. Whether the old man was thinking thus or no, I cannot say.

Perhaps he was thinking that his own days were nearly numbered; and that there was "but a step between him and death." No doubt such thoughts do now and then come over the aged with great power; and quite natural it is

* In this graveyard have since been added the remains of Old *Humphrey*.

that it should be so; for what is our life? Truly it is "a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away," James iv. 14.

An old man looking on a churchyard must needs be enough to set him thinking of the past and the future. He sees how many have gone before him, and he feels how shortly he must follow them. Death may be as near the young as the old, though we are not apt to think so.

I should like to talk with the old man, and I will if I can get a good opportunity, for there is nothing forbidding in his manner; but, on the contrary, much that is kind and gentle. He is coming nearer now; but, mark my words, he will turn off yet towards the church in the valley. The old man is thoughtful, as age ought to be; for

"Ill grey hairs become a jester."

He is not, however, sorrowful, but rather like one who is calmly and hopefully preparing for his latter end, saying in his heart, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God," Job xix. 25, 26. "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,

I will fear no evil for Thou art with me ; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me," Psa. xxiii. 4.

See there, the old man has just come to the edge of the broken ground. I felt sure that he would make a pause ; he is now standing on the Ridgy Point almost as motionless as if made of stone, with his eyes fixed on the churchyard. How I should like to know what is passing through his mind.

Though we can only guess at the old man's thoughts, we know well what are our own. The churchyard is before us as well as before him ; what, then, do we think of our latter end? Are we so living that we may die the death of the righteous? Are we in time truly preparing for eternity?

THE MISER.

Art thou a miser, clutching hard
What God has freely given to thee
And are the destitute debarr'd
Thy charity?

What though on wealth thy soul is set,
The sordid grasp that saves thy gold
Shall cost thee more than thou shalt get
A thousandfold.

The generous deed, the friendly part,
Compassion's kind and grateful glow,
And mercy's alchymy, thy heart
Shall never know.

There falls no sunbeam on thy ways;
A shadow dark rests on thy door;
A curse is on thy nights and days
'Mid all thy store.

What fiercer lightning could be hurl'd,
What blacker thunder round thee roll,
Than this—"Go on, and gain the world,
But lose thy soul."

HALLELUJAH!

THERE are some words that require others to make them intelligible; some are perfect in themselves. Some have but little force and meaning when they are understood: others are full of power and significancy—of this latter kind is the word Hallelujah! or, Praise ye the Lord!

Hallelujah is not only a word, but a sentence and a song. Does the lowliest sinner, melted with a sense of the grace and mercy of his redeeming Lord, attempt to give utterance to the thankfulness of his heart? his language is, Hallelujah. Does the highest archangel desire to magnify the name of Him that sitteth on the throne of heaven? a Hallelujah bursts from his lips, resounding through the mansions of the skies. Hallelujah is the language of sinners and saints, men and angels, earth and heaven. "Praise ye the Lord. Oh, give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good: for his mercy endureth for ever," Psa. cvi. 1.

Hallelujah is thanksgiving, praise, and exultation. Fill the heart with Hallelujahs, and it

will give glory to God in the highest, and manifest good-will to men. It has been said that it would be no bad method to find out the lawfulness or unlawfulness of our pleasures, and the spiritual or worldly state of our affections, were we to ask ourselves this question in the midst of every enjoyment, "Can we put up a hearty hallelujah at the end of it?"

When we regard ourselves and our Almighty Maker—when we look at our lowliness and his loftiness, our weakness and his power, our folly and his wisdom, our exceeding sinfulness and his unsullied holiness, well may we lie down in the dust; and when from the dust he lifts us up, when from the dunghill he raises us to be princes, can we do less than offer him our reiterated hallelujahs?

Let earth and heaven his righteous praise resound,
And endless hallelujahs echo round.

The young should praise the Lord for their youth, and for the hopeful prospect that is before them of health and length of days. The old should praise the Lord for their years, and for all the benefits bestowed on them in their past pilgrimage. Those who have neglected to call on the Lord have cause to thank him for his forbearance in allowing them time for

repentance. And such as have been taught that the Lord is gracious and full of compassion, even to the pardoning of their sins, being justified through faith in the Son of God, and sanctified by his Spirit, should be loud in their thanksgiving; so that the young and the old, the awakened and the unconverted, have reason to mingle together their hallelujahs.

Hallelujah is the aspiration of a spirit longing to manifest its grateful emotions, and to glorify the High and Lofty One that inhabiteth eternity. The incense of praise is an acceptable offering to him, and Christians should be ready at all times to raise a real "*Non nobis*," a true and hearty "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy, and for thy truth's sake." When the kingdoms of this world become the kingdoms of the Lord, praise will be the universal language. The people will rejoice in thanksgiving,

> And countless millions join the sacred song,
> And hallelujahs burst from every tongue.

Do you love the Lord? Where, then, are your hallelujahs? Do you praise him for your common mercies, for the faculties of your body, soul, and spirit, renewed as they are day by day?—for air, food, water, and the light and

warmth of the sun glowing in the skies? Do you praise him for spiritual blessings, for his holy word, a mercy seat, the means of grace, and the hope of glory, through the atoning sacrifice of Jesus Christ? The love to God that has no hallelujah may well be doubted, and the hallelujah that has no love to the Lord is a shadow, a deception, a mockery. The grateful spirit will speak, and so long as there are pardoned sinners in the world, so long will ardent hallelujahs ascend to the skies.

There are different kinds of hallelujahs, from the loud and triumphant shout, "The Lord God omnipotent reigneth," to the lowest whispered praise. Nay, there are inaudible hallelujahs; unheard by the ears of man, but clear and intelligible to Him who receiveth the sighing of the prisoner, who knoweth the desires of the heart, and by whom a book of remembrance has been written for such as fear the Lord and think upon his name. The lowest thanksgiving of the lowliest repentant sinner will be accepted at that heavenly throne,

"Where pure devotion meets with equal grace,
Wrapp'd in the simple strains of human praise,
Or bursting from the seraph's lip of fire."

It is a good thing to give thanks unto the

Lord, and to sing praises unto the name of the Most High. Day after day ascend psalms and hymns and spiritual songs to the heavenly throne, but the sabbath day gathers a harvest of hallelujahs into the garner of God. We cannot truly praise God without feeling that we have something to praise him for; nor can we know ourselves, without knowing that we have to praise him for everything.

Reader! the holy word of God tells us that the time is short; that there is but a step between us and death, and that we shall all stand before the judgment seat of Christ. Man, dead in trespasses and sins, was lost, and none but an Almighty Saviour could have redeemed him. The sacrifice offered up on the cross demands not the services of the lip only, but the humble acknowledgment of the spirit;—not the hecatombs of the altar, but the hallelujahs of the heart. Have you sorrowed for sin? Have you fled to the only sure Refuge from eternal wrath? If not, clouds and darkness are around you, and death, everlasting death, lies in your path. Give no sleep to your eyes, nor slumber to your eyelids, till the danger is past, the battle fought, and the victory obtained through Christ; for then will you indeed greatly rejoice, and then *will you* raise your hallelujah.

Hark! There are tidings of great joy. A ransom has been paid for sin; a Saviour has suffered for sinners. There is a crown of righteousness laid up for those who love the Lord. Are you a new creature in Christ? Has faith in his atoning blood been given you, and a holy determination to live in him, and in all things to do his holy will; and are you rejoicing in the hope of eternal life? Then the language of your lip and heart is, and will be, nay, it must be, Hallelujah! "Praise ye the Lord. Praise God in his sanctuary: praise him in the firmament of his power. Praise him for his mighty acts: praise him according to his excellent greatness. Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord," Psa. cl. 1, 2, 6. Hallelujah!

THE LOSS OF CHILDREN.

THE loss of children is among the heaviest trials that parents have to endure. How many a one who held his head high, has been brought down to the very dust by the death of a child!

David, king of Israel, was a mighty man, and he had a heart often bold as a lion; but when the news reached him that his rebellious son Absalom was dead, he went up into his chamber and wept. We may judge by his language of the intensity of his grief. "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom!" says he, "would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!"

When Jephthah found that his rash vow had doomed to death "his only child; beside her he had neither son nor daughter," how great was his affliction! "And it came to pass, when he saw her, that he rent his clothes and said, Alas! my daughter! thou hast brought me very low."

"A voice was heard in Ramah, lamentation and bitter weeping; Rahel weeping for her child-

ren refused to be comforted for her children, because they were not," Jer. xxxi. 15. That must be no common grief that refuses consolation, and the strong, figurative description of it is very forcible. A mother carried away into reckless affliction, by her agonizing solicitude for her departed child, is an affecting picture. But why should we go back thousands of years? Is not death among us now? Is it not in the habitation of our neighbours? nay, in our own dwellings? Experience! tell us somewhat of the scenes thou hast witnessed. Memory! let thy scroll be unrolled, bestained as it may be with thy tears.

We knew one who carried himself high, and thought much of titles and worldly distinctions: his estate would have lost its value, in his estimation, if he could not have transmitted it unimpaired to his son. High as he was, and wedded to family genealogy, yet was he kind and courteous to an extreme. How was he changed in a moment! His child died; his kindness and his courtesy forsook him; and when we paid him a visit of condolence, a bear robbed of her whelps could hardly have been more irascible. For a season he completely abandoned himself to his grief. Why should we thus rebel against God? "Behold, he taketh away, who

can hinder him? who will say unto him, What doest thou?" Job ix. 12.

Well do we remember Jennings, a village blacksmith. He was a man strong, and proud of his strength. Seldom have we seen a broader back than his, or a thicker arm. His iron frame seemed tied together with sinews of wire, and yet, for all this we have seen him sit down in his chair and cry like a child. We happened to call in when his poor babe lay dead in its little crib; and the strength of the strong man was brought low, and the pride of the proud man was humbled. Jennings would have borne pain and privation like a martyr, but he could not bear the loss of the little one that he had dandled on his knee and folded in his strong arms. When we saw such a man as Jennings sobbing and weeping, it was all in vain for us to try to restrain our tears.

It was in a lovely county, studded with beautiful lakes, tarns, waterfalls, and romantic mountains, that we made a call on an aged man, whose thoughtful brow wore a gloom in the midst of his kindly attentions. He showed us the goodliest prospects, and took us to the most favourable points from whence we might observe them. He walked with us through the deep seclusions of his delightful abode, and he took

us to a bowery alcove, where we seated ourselves beside him. It was here that, conversing on the shadowy past, his voice faltered, and the tears rolled down his time-worn cheeks.

But why was it that the aged man was beclouded with grief? Alas! He had lost a daughter. With her he had gazed on the fair prospect around us; with her he had again and again roamed where we had wandered; and with her he had sat in the leafy bower in which we were then seated. We knew what it was to lose a child, and we could not be unmoved. It was the Laureate of England who was weeping beside us.

We lately visited, among our Christian friends, a married pair who had lived in a sultry clime, where the voice of the Lord is heard in the hurricane, and the torn plantations bow beneath the whirlwind. They had pitched their tent in England's milder clime. Peace had taken up her abode with them; and their numerous offspring were as olive plants around their table. The refinements of life were blended with holier hopes; and books, drawing, music, and languages, though enjoyed, were as the dust of the balance compared with the things of eternity. The father looked on his progeny with affectionate exultation, and the mother, with conscious plea-

sure, though she had her solicitude. So is it sometimes with the poor bird that appears to be happy with her young, when, alas! there are thorns in the nest which pierce through the down that lines it, known and felt by her alone. Time passed on, and we again called at that habitation. Death had been among its inmates, and taken away a daughter. Few words were spoken about her by her bereaved parents, but those few told us that grief had been busy at their hearts.

Be comforted, ye afflicted ones, in following your beloved to her heavenly home. "Had she been spared to you, how slowly could you have taught her, and in the full ripeness of her age, what could she be when compared with what she now is?" Christian parents of Christian children, take to yourselves consolation.

Look up with grateful joy, and weep no more;
To you the precious privilege is given,
Better than adding thousands to your store,
Of adding angels to the host of heaven.

"I wish you could see us in our happy abode, with the profusion of buds and blossoms that surround us; for our house seems positively to laugh in the sunshine, and our children are as tractable as frisky little lambkins, all spirits, and yet all gentleness."

Such was the picture of happiness drawn by a maternal pen; such was the language of our buoyant friend. We did see that happy abode, and we did see our exulting friend and correspondent; but a shadow rested on her habitation, and grief was heavy at her heart. We walked with her to a village churchyard, where they had laid the little one who was almost as dear to her as the ruddy drops that warmed her heart. Her spirit clung with tenacious grasp to the mouldering tenant of the tomb, and she could not realize the loss she had sustained; the past was to her as a dream. What a wondrous thing is the love of a mother for her child!

There is a grief that sorrows for the dead,
  Yet realizes not the loss it grieves;
That cannot learn to think its treasure fled,
  And gazes round, and mourns, and disbelieves.
And ever and anon affections strong
  Fill up the vacant place that death has made
With smiling shadows, and the heart is wrung
  With unsubstantial hope and fleeting shade.

It is not without pain that we refer to a spectacle we once witnessed. We were present at the vault scene of an Irish funeral, when the apparently distracted parents of the deceased child tore their hair, and beat with their hands

upon the coffin lid of him they were consigning to the grave, calling him back again to his disconsolate friends, with the most intemperate expressions of frantic sorrow. It was an afflicting exhibition of human infirmity. What can be more unchristian-like than such indecorous grief! Is not He who gave us life and liberty, to number our days? Are we to make ourselves greater than God, and to reverse his just decrees? How different to this are the language and spirit of Job: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord," Job i. 21.

There is a stormy, wild, and frantic grief,
That madly rushes on the heart distress'd;
That seeks not pity, hopes not for relief,
Refuses comfort, and despises rest.
When fierce affection claims a right to rave,
And wild and clamorous desires are given,
That fain would tear the body from the grave,
And pluck the spirit from its home in heaven.

This is a sad state of things, and better it is to humble ourselves under our afflictions, than thus to increase them by our unreasonable grief.

The case of a Christian widower with two children, supplies us with a strong contrast to the foregoing manifestation of infirmity. The loss of his wife was a heavy loss; and when his

first-born followed, he clung with an intensity of affection to his remaining treasure. His surviving child was smitten down by sickness, and for a time life and death trembled in the scale. His trial was severe, for his child died, but his faith failed not. His frame was worn with anxiety, his face pallid with painful emotion, and the sharp arrow of affliction was deeply embedded in his heart; yet not a murmur fell from his lips; but, on the contrary, resignation to and acquiescence in the will of his heavenly Father, were meekly manifested in his words and his deeds.

There is a blessed grief that all transcends;
That knows too well how much has passed away
Of happiness and bliss; yet meekly bends
And bows submissive o'er its kindred clay:
Chasten'd and humbled by the trial past,
The bleeding bosom heaves a conscious sigh;
But Faith is seen to smile amid the blast,
And rebe' thoughts and idol passions die.

That such as live only for this world, and have no Christian hope either for themselves or their children, should be overwhelmed with affliction under bereavements, can hardly be cause of wonder; but followers of the Redeemer, though they may lament the loss of those dear to them, cannot sorrow without hope, without

denying their Christian profession. He that can say, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God;" "God will redeem my soul from the power of the grave;" and "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day," should be ever ready, without inordinate grief, to give up his friends, his children, his wife, and himself, into the hands of a faithful Creator and Redeemer.

Christian! the loss of children may be among the thorns in thy pathway through the world; but though they may wound thee, yet look unto thy Lord, and he shall give thee not only patience to endure them, but also strong consolation, and hope, and faith, and peace, and heavenly joy.

A NEW CAROL FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

AWAKE! for this is Christmas morn,
And raise your voices high,
To celebrate the Son of God
Descending from the sky.
Ye winged Hallelujahs rise,
The Lord of life proclaim;
Ye loud Hosannas rend the skies,
And magnify his name.

Did bright-eyed, burning seraphim,
Attend him on his way,
And, flashing round his radiant car,
The living lightning play?
Did glittering stars adorn the crown
That deck'd his sacred head,
And glowing skies with purple dyes
Their robes around him spread?

No seraph waved his shining wing;
No splendour round him roll'd;
The Prince of peace among us came
A child of mortal mould.
Ye winged Hallelujahs rise,
The Lord of life proclaim;
Ye loud Hosannas rend the skies,
And magnify his name.

In pity, tenderness, and love,
He came to save mankind,
Yet was he branded with reproach,
And scorn'd by bigots blind.
They bound his brow with cruel thorns,
And fill'd with savage glee,
Reviled him with their bitter taunts
And nail'd him to the tree.

As mute and meekly as the lamb
Adorn'd for slaughter goes,
The dying Saviour bows his head
Amid his cruel foes.
Ye winged Hallelujahs rise,
The Lord of life proclaim;
Ye loud Hosannas rend the skies,
And magnify his name.

But see, he rises; rolls away
The dark sepulchral stone,
And triumphs over death, and reigns
On heaven's eternal throne;
Where angels, as they wave their wings,
Their notes of rapture raise,
And cherubim and seraphim
Delight to sing his praise.

Then let the throng with grateful song
Be merry while they may,
And bid the crowd rejoice aloud,
For this is Christmas day.

Ye winged Hallelujahs rise,
The Lord of life proclaim;
Ye loud Hosannas rend the skies,
And magnify his name.

A LEAF FROM THE BOOK OF AFFLICTION.

THE closer we connect our earthly objects with our heavenly hopes, the greater will be our peace; and the clearer we discern the hand of our heavenly Father in our daily concerns, the more shall we reverence him, love him, and live to his glory.

But not only as the general Fountain of all goodness should we regard God as the bestower of those gifts which come more directly from him, as health, intellect, or knowledge of ourselves as sinners, repentance, faith, peace, and joy; but, also, of the lesser benefits we receive from our fellow creatures, for the hearts of all are in his holy hands, and he moves them according to his will. A habit of attributing the kind offices of those around us primarily to God's goodness, will not lessen our thankfulness to those through whom we receive them.

> "God moves in a mysterious way,
> His wonders to perform,"

and employs different agents. By an angel

he comforts Hagar; by a raven supplies the wants of Elijah; sends a man of God to benefit the widow of Zarephath, and a captive Hebrew maiden that Naaman the Syrian may be healed.

I want, if I can, in a humble, earnest, and grateful spirit, to impress the mind of my reader, by a recent instance in my own experience, of the advantage of connecting earthly and heavenly things; and of acknowledging God's goodness in the kind attentions and friendly offices of those dear to us.

It sometimes happened that during my wanderings in the vast, the silent, and solitary straths of the Highlands of Scotland, some years ago, I was reduced to great straits by weariness, hunger, and thirst, the recollection of which is still vivid in my memory. While noting down these remarks, scenes of an impressive character come back upon me, where the eagle and ptarmigan haunt the towering crags, black cattle spread over the vales, wild deer roam the forest, and black cocks and moorfowl abound on the heaths and hills. Now and then a kilted Highlander tending his flock, or fishing, or crossing a river in a boat, imparts an added interest to the surrounding objects. Mighty Ben Macdhui, Ben-y-Gloe and Ben Nevis, also rise before me, with Big Benmor,

gigantic Shehallien, bulky Ben Cruachan, and storm-riven Ben Ledi. Loch Tummel, Loch Rannoch, and lonely Loch Lydoch, appear to be visible with the dark, frowning Pass of Killicrankie, and that glen of glens, shut up by its craggy barriers, gloomy Glencoe, in which the clan Macdonald were so ruthlessly murdered.

Well, though I had much to enjoy, I had also, as before intimated, at times something to endure; for high mountains are not ascended, and extended straths and swamps traversed without trouble. For hours together I was wet to the skin, and ankle deep in the watery bogs. On two or three of these occasions, when spent with toil, sick at heart with hunger, and feverish with burning thirst, I found at the little inns I came to, such an unexpected and an abundant supply of comforts, in the shape of dry clothes, and good cheer, as called forth my surprise and thankfulness. Among the things, however, which afforded me particular relief and pleasure, were the cool and delectable iams and jellies that were set before me in admirable profusion. Whether this arose from my exhausted and feverish state, or whether these conserves and sweetmeats were really superior to anything of the kind I had ever

before tasted, I cannot say; but the enjoyment they afforded me was great, and left a lasting impression on my memory.

At an early stage of my present illness, which then I had reason to believe would be unto death, one night as I lay in bed in pain, greatly subdued, and sorely afflicted with unassuageable thirst, the remembrance of these Scotch preserves came upon me so forcibly, as to produce a morbid and irrepressible wish once more to taste them. Having some kind Caledonian friends, whose faces I never yet saw, residing in an old Hall, and doubting not that they were provided with the dainties I so ardently longed for, I caused a letter to be addressed to them, making known my desire. No sooner was this done, than I regretted the step taken by me, thinking it might be regarded as a strange request, and too familiar a liberty; it was, however, too late to correct my supposed error.

About the time that I expected the letter to reach its destination at "Powder Hall," a loud, single rap at my own door, announced the arrival of a porter, bearing a white wicker hamper, which, on being opened, was found to contain a liberal supply of jams and jellies of varied kinds, and of the primest quality. I

feasted my eyes with the labelled pots of preserves ranged side by side. There they were, strawberry, raspberry, red currant, gooseberry, marmalade, and a pretty little box of jujubes. For my kind friends to send them at all, was a favour of which I was very sensible; but to despatch them with such promptitude, and, to me, marvellous alacrity, was an attention that much affected me. A near relative of the old hall family, residing with them, as though she must in some way or other have a share in the sending of the friendly hamper, forwarded me a neat and tasteful flower-stand, worked in leather, or gutta-percha; and, soon after the hamper's arrival, inquiry was made, at the request of the worthy head of the family himself, whether the preserves arrived without injury, evidently with the view of repairing an accident had any occurred, to prevent disappointment on my part.

But think not, reader, that the kindness of my friends was limited to the sweetmeats; they sent me also a book suitable to my state of affliction, together with sweet letters, from time to time, of their own; and hymns, the reading of which often soothed me at even-tide. The letters were not those common-place communications, too frequently written to sick people,

wherein seriousness and solemnity are put on for the occasion, and texts of holy Scripture are ostentatiously paraded to the eye, rather than lovingly commended to the heart; but chastened, mature, and experienced epistles of Christian piety, setting forth faithfully solemn Scriptural truths, as well as promises of Divine consolation, showing, with the desire to minister to the comfort of the perishing body, a yet greater anxiety for the welfare of the undying soul.

Here, then, was the link uniting earthly with heavenly things, and pressing on my consideration the goodness of God, even in the lesser events of life. I was just in the frame of mind to enable me to get good from books and letters. Again I say, that the closer we connect our earthly objects with our heavenly hopes, the greater will be our peace; and the clearer we discern the hand of our heavenly Father in our daily concerns, the more shall we reverence him, love him, and live to his glory.

Oh, the unspeakable consolation of the presence of God in seasons of affliction! Well may we pray that "the peace of God, which passeth all understanding," may "keep" our "hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God, and of his Son, Jesus Christ our Lord." In such

seasons, with an humble, broken, contrite, and grateful spirit, we call to mind our mercies, and our language is, "Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits: who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies," Psa. ciii. 1—4.

The kindness of our friends may be regarded as a brook by the way, to comfort us in our pilgrim course; whose stream becomes the more refreshing when we believe that the fountain whence it flows is the love of our heavenly Father, who gave his Son to die for sinners; and it is no trifling alleviation to know, in the midst of our afflictions, that they proceed from the same Almighty source of goodness and mercy, and are sent for our advantage. Whether, then, we enjoy or suffer, "the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost," should be the subject of our daily thoughts, thus uniting our passing interests with our everlasting expectations.

Help me, O Lord, in all my infirmities; forgive all my transgressions; and abundantly

increase my love and knowledge of Him, whom to know is eternal life.

My grovelling spirit, in thy mercy raise;
Let holy objects to my heart be given,
That faith may mingled be with prayer and praise,
And all my earthly ends, with hopes of heaven.

Lord, let me see thy hand through life and death,
Where'er abroad my wandering feet may rove;
And humbly serve thee till my latest breath,
And love thee with an everlasting love.

TO LADY B——, ON HER BIRTHDAY,

February, 17, 1850.*

How fleet the winged moments run,
To reach their destined goal;
Days swiftly pass, Time turns his glass,
And on the seasons roll.
Though yet is heard the wintry blast,
St. Valentine's is gone and past.

An aged harper, worn with years,
With tresses thin and grey,
By stately halls, and palace walls,
Pursues his thoughtful way.
Age does not often weep—then why
That tear-drop trembling in his eye?

And now a goodly band of guests
Are met in chamber fair;
The gay and young are mid the throng,
The harper old is there;
And she, from Compton's Manor grey,
Who sang "The Dame of Rotherhaye."

* Lady B. entered on her everlasting rest while this work was passing through the press.

But chief amid that circle fair,
Is one in sable clad;
She mourns her lord—by all deplored;
Then how can she be glad?
Though birthday smiles a joy impart,
Her grief lies heavy on her heart.

The hoary harper sees her pain,
And tries, as best he may,
To soothe her grief, and give relief
On this her natal day.
He strikes his harp, while thus he sings,
Though time has rudely warp'd the strings:—

"Oh listen, listen, lady dear,
Nor thus thy lord deplore;
This thought so bless'd, may calm thy breast,
'Not lost, but gone before.'
He saw the bridal jubilee,
Then onward went, to wait for thee.

"Oh, would that man could grateful prove
That still, whate'er our lot,
One truth so bright for sorrow's night,
Might never be forgot.
E'en when our sky looks cold and drear,
Soft beams of mercy linger near.

"Yes, lady dear, thy lord is gone;
But wait a little space,
And lo! thine eyes with sweet surprise,
Again shall see his face;
Thy friend, protector, guardian, guide;
Immortal, sainted, glorified.

"Or buoyed with hope, or bow'd with care,
And shadowy thoughts profound,
His heart was thine, in shade and shine,
And ever faithful found,
As when, with fond delighted gaze,
He saw thee first—his 'Belle Anglaise.'*

"Thou wert to him a sunny beam,
Across his youthful way;
A soothing power for sorrow's hour,
In life's declining day.
When call'd his being to resign,
His hand was fondly clasp'd in thine.

"Together have ye borne the blast,
When stormy winds did blow;
Together still, through good and ill,
Scarce are ye parted now;
For Fancy hears his voice aloud,
From yonder snowy, sunlit cloud:

"'Fond partner, cheer thy drooping heart,
I cannot come to thee:
But trust His love who reigns above,
And thou shalt come to me.
I may not—angels may not—tell
The glories that around me dwell.

"'Gold is but dim; and earthly crowns
At best but baubles bright,
To him whose gaze has caught the blaze
That fills the raptured sight,

* Sir I. B. was a native of France.

Where cherubim with praises soar,
And burning seraphim adore.

"'Then smile on yon dear filial band;
Be happy for my sake;
Their flowers so sweet with pleasure greet,
And sorrow's cloud will break.
Together we again shall be,
United through eternity.'"

The song has ceased—the lady smiles—
And she is happier now;
She looks above, and faith and love
Are lighting up her brow.
Content, and trust, and peace, are given;
Her heart and hope are fix'd on heaven.

THE SUNNY SABBATH.*

THERE are many sources of consolation and joy, but hardly is there among them all a more grateful cordial to a man's heart, or a steadier friend in helping him through his troubles, than a sunny sabbath. In this observation I allude not so much to the state of the weather, as to the state of the affections; not so much to the brightness of the day, as to the buoyancy of the heart. Give a working-man plenty to do, and good wages, and let him prosper every day of the week, but only let him misuse, or think lightly of the sabbath, and I promise him his heart's ease shall be scarce. But, whatever may be his cares, a sunny sabbath will gently soothe his disquietude, and bind up the bones that have been broken.

"A sabbath well spent, brings a week of content,
And gives peace both to-day and to-morrow;
But a sabbath profaned, whate'er may be gain'd,
Is a certain forerunner of sorrow."

* This paper and the following, "A Visit to Hastings," are from the SUNDAY AT HOME. Their autobiographical character, and connexion with the author's last days, claim for them a place in this volume.

To all, a day of rest, and peace, and holy joy, is a great advantage, but especially to one who labours through the week. What a shady seat or a draught of cool water, is to a toil-spent traveller, a sunny sabbath is to a working-man. It eases and refreshes him, and recruits his strength and courage. True, it adds nothing to his weekly wages, and takes away none of his daily labour, but it lightens his spirit and makes his heart thankful.

A short time ago, I had such a sunny sabbath, that the very remembrance of it is joyful to me. If, reader, you have never known a season in which the weather, your natural and spiritual affections, and all things around you, have contributed to make your heart, as it were, dance for joy, hardly shall I be able to make you understand my emotions; but if you have known such a delightful holiday of the spirit, you will not begrudge the time spent in going with me to Fairlight church.

Fairlight is about two or three miles from Hastings, and the walk is a very agreeable one. After standing a moment or two on Minnis' Rock, to take a brief view of Hastings, the sea, High Wickham, the West Cliff, the Castle Hill, and other heights, I turned my face eastward, and soon gained the higher ground.

As I looked around, all things reminded me of repose and peace. The cattle in the fields, and the sheep on the hills were grazing in quietude. The snowy clouds were motionless in the heavens, the leaves of the trees quivered not on the branches, and when I turned my eyes towards Windmill Hill, the mill, instead of wildly brandishing its arms in the air, according to its usual fashion, stood as still as if it were a picture painted against the sky.

By degrees I grew yet more grateful and happy, so much so that I marvelled at the intensity of my own joy. As the lark rose up on high, I blessed him; the sea-cobs, as they waved their lengthy wings above me, bore away with them a kindly wish from me for their welfare; and the very hawk that was hovering in the air over his prey, had from me no expression of hatred or reproach: all I wished was that if he must kill his bird, or his field-mouse, to satisfy his hunger, he would do it in the quickest way possible, and not protract its sufferings.

It was delightful to find my heart going forth towards every creature that God had made, and still more so towards human kind, whether sojourners in the crowded city, or wanderers of the solitary wilderness. I had neither head-ache nor heart-ache; all my cares were forgotten

or swallowed up in my thankfulness. Who was I that such an unbounded measure of delight should be awarded me?

In that buoyant state of my spirit, I saw and felt nothing but gladness; how bright were the heavens, how blue the sky, and how green the grass beneath my feet! The air was fresh and pure, and as I walked through the fields, my pathway was decked on either side with daisies and dandelions; the hedge-rows were adorned with beauty, and the very brambles were covered with blackberries. The sun that was beaming above me seemed to shine into my heart. A sensible presence of God's goodness gladdened my spirit, and every now and then I burst into an audible hallelujah. I felt like one in love with heaven and earth, "the sea and all that in them is." Prayer and praise were alternate on my lips. All nature appeared to rejoice. The hills seemed to "break forth into singing," and the trees of the fields to "clap their hands."

Not only my natural, but my spiritual affections were also called forth. I felt that it was indeed the sabbath-day, and that the "sound of the church-going bell" was then inviting me to the sanctuary of the Lord, "to render thanks for the great benefits received at his hands, to set forth his most worthy praise, to hear his most

holy word, and to ask those things which are requisite and necessary as well for the body as the soul." Times without number had I used them without emotion, but now I felt the full import of the words,

"Lord, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee;
At once they sing, at once they pray,
They hear of heaven, and learn the way."

As I entered the portal of Fairlight church, my heart was drawn towards my fellow-worshippers, and I felt it to be a good thing to wait upon the Lord. The first words spoken by the minister were not only a text, but a sermon in themselves: "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us. If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness," 1 John i. 8, 9. Had I heard nothing more than those words, I should not have returned home empty-hearted.

Pleasant as food to the hungry, are kind words to us, when we feel kindly. At the end of the gospel was the following mercy-loving admonition: "Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil speaking, be put away from you, with all malice. And be ye

kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you," Eph. iv. 31, 32. What heart-burnings and unkindness would be prevented among us by a general attention to this advice of the apostle, and what briers and thorns would be removed from our paths!

The sermon followed; and faithfully were we told of the idol that the world is ever setting up before us in its seductions and temptations; and earnestly were we reminded that there was no middle course. We must either bow down to the idol, or worship in sincerity the God of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego.

As I returned from Fairlight church, my fellow-worshippers, by degrees, turned off along the lanes and fields, till I found myself alone. No, not alone, for I had His presence who had so wondrously lifted up my heart, in joy and with thankfulness. My soul truly magnified the Lord, and my spirit rejoiced in God my Saviour.

A faithful and affectionate sermon, afterwards heard at St. Mary's, did much to rekindle the fervour of my morning emotions, so that my head was, as it were, anointed with oil, and my cup made to run over. A sunny sabbath of this kind is not often passed: would that it were

otherwise; would that every spirit that is bowed down could be frequently lifted up, and every heart that is sorrowful be filled with joy.

Some of my readers may think me too serious, while others may regret that my remarks are not so weighty as they should be. Meekly will I endeavour to bear either, or both of these reproaches. I have faithfully depicted my emotions, with a kind intention, and hope thereby to call forth sunny recollections in other hearts. Hardly can it be out of character in an old man to encourage his younger friends to gladden their present and brighten their future hours by faith in that merciful Saviour, who died that we might live for ever.

Come sudden death, come flood, or flame,
Who trust in a Redeemer's name
Are still secure, for thrones on high
Await their entrance to the sky;
And crowns of gold their brows shall wear,
Who thus, through Christ, for death prepare.

Long shall I remember Fairlight, and Fairlight church, and many things shall I forget before my sunny sabbath will be blotted from my memory.

OLD HUMPHREY AT HASTINGS.

Bear with an old man's prattle, for his heart
Beats lovingly for thee, and all mankind.

"STANDS Hastings where it did?" said I, trying to be cheerful, as I hobbled along with difficulty, supported by two porters from the railway to the vehicle engaged to carry me to my place of destination; but no, it would not do. I was too much subdued and exhausted by my transit from "the mart of all the earth," to be cheerful. I had been carried, on account of extreme weakness, from my cab at the London Bridge Station to the carriage that was to bear me onwards; and some feared that I should sink by the way, and never reach Hastings. It pleased the Father of mercies that it should be otherwise.

But if not cheerful, I was at least grateful, for I was not unmindful that in all my preceding visits to this delightful locality, the sea and land breezes had gathered round me with healing on their wings, and I was sanguine enough to hope and trust that I should again be benefited with

a like result. I looked around with a thankful heart to the great Giver of all good; and with kindly feelings for my fellow-passengers, as well as for the porters bustling about me, and the driver and his horse waiting for my accommodation.

As I moved onwards in an open carriage, the fresh, gentle breeze much revived me, and familiar objects presented themselves. Two of the three windmills, near the West Hill, were at work; the old castle, in ruin, reminded me that, like my own, the best of its days were passed. The sea was rolling along its sparkling billows, as it was wont to do thousands of years ago; bathing machines stood on the shore, their wheels partly in and partly out of the water. The Marine Parade was peopled with visitors; the great dial, hanging over High-street, pointed to a quarter-past five; the magnolia, for such I take it to be, covering the front of the house of Earl Waldegrave, was adorned with magnificent flowers. All things appeared as I had before seen them, only that the old man, the knitter of night-caps, who for so many years had occupied a corner at the entrance of the London road, was no longer an inhabitant of the world.

For the first few days of my sojourn at *Hastings*, I could not go from one room to

another, even with help, without difficulty; but now, with a stick and a friendly arm, I can walk a hundred yards, and perhaps two hundred. This is to me a source of great enjoyment and thankfulness, and it has suggested a thought to me that would afford me much satisfaction if it could be rendered practical; and I see no good reason why it should not.

What is the use of our *feeling* grateful, unless we embody our emotions in useful or benevolent action? Deeds of love to man are the very soul of thanksgiving to God. When Simon Peter declared that he loved the Saviour, the latter required some proof of his assertion: "Feed my sheep," and "Feed my lambs."

The number of visitors to Hastings is great, and it is not unreasonable thence to conclude that the greater part of them must derive health or pleasure from their temporary residence. For this they are, or ought to be, grateful; why not, then, make manifest their gratitude by some act of kindness to a place that has so largely contributed to their benefit? Some opulent visitors have the means of doing good on a large scale, while most of us can do it only on a small one. It is not, however, the amount, but the motive of the giver, that ennobles the gift. Hastings *has charities* whose funds are low; schools

that require support; poor fishermen, who, from shipwreck, want of success, and other causes, suffer much; and sick and poor people standing in need of assistance. Now, if every grateful visitor, in a spirit of thankfulness, would do ever so little in the way of philanthropy, the aggregate would be very considerable. Were a moiety only of those in the long lists of visitors that appear in the newspapers, to act upon this suggestion, what a desirable accession it would prove to the cause of humanity, and what a noble number of good Samaritans might thereby pour oil and wine into the wounds of the afflicted!

It is said that on the overland passage across the desert to India, there is a tree covered with fragments of dress, and other articles, hung there by pilgrims and travellers, to show their gratitude for the protection and safety vouchsafed them; and in Roman Catholic countries, it is a common thing for such as profess to have been cured by miracles, to leave behind them their crutches or other manifestations of past infirmity, by way of thankfulness. Let us not, then, be outdone by Mohammedans and fanatics; but, as Christian people, show our thankfulness in a Christian manner.

In one of my walks in the Hackney Fields,

London, before my illness, I found a poor beetle in my pathway, on his back, vainly struggling and striving to recover his feet. "Friend Sable-coat," said I, playfully, "the proverb has it, that 'a friend in need is a friend indeed,' and I have arrived just in time, it seems, to verify the adage; but as thou art really down, there will be no harm in my profiting by thy fall:" so taking out my glass, I attentively examined his curious formation; after which I gently laid across him a blade of grass, which enabled him once more to get on his legs, and hide himself in a hole in the ground. Whether he thanked me, or not, I cannot say, not knowing the way in which such creatures express their thanks; but I felt quite certain, whether I had increased his happiness or not, I had added some little to my own.

Now in Hastings there are human beetles on their backs, or, in other words, cases of distress which need assistance. Gentle reader, let me beseech you to act upon my suggestion. I wish neither to apportion the stream of your benevolence, nor to direct the express channel through which it should flow, but only to urge you to do something, be it much or little, of a useful or charitable character; not ostentatiously, but *modestly;* and, if your name remain unknown,

so much the better. Should you be at a loss how to proceed, not knowing suitable objects for your sympathy, ministers of the gospel as well as the conductors of newspapers, with other influential and well-known benevolent persons, would most, if not all of them, doubtless, willingly and faithfully assist in the disposal of your bounty.

While we offer to God thanksgiving for our abundant harvest, and pray that the sword may be scabbarded, and the pestilence stayed, let us be neither unmindful of our own particular blessings, nor ungrateful for them. In penning this paper, I have three objects in view. First, kindly to reprove a spirit of repining in which too many indulge; next to call out thankfulness in the heart; and lastly, to move the hand to gentle deeds of charity.

Having just forged a fable in my mental smithy, on the subject of discontent, I will with it close my present remarks.

A well-shaped horseshoe, as it hung against the wall in a blacksmith's shop, bitterly complained of the ill usage to which it had been subjected. "No one," said the shoe in a whining tone, "has endured the fiery trials through which I have passed, without any *respite* being allowed me. The hard-hearted

sledge-hammer and anvil were my enemies, and between the two I was cruelly treated, and found no pity. I was beaten by them unmercifully, and the blows I received at their hands would have killed an ox; as I said before, no one has endured the fiery trials through which I have passed."

"Hold your foolish tongue," said a ploughshare, which had been sent to be repaired, "unless you can talk more wisely. Both you and I have been greatly benefited by the ordeal through which we have passed, and are valued highly by those who once might have despised us. Once we were useless pieces of iron, but now you are a useful horseshoe, and I am a respectable ploughshare."

Thus seasonably admonished, the horseshoe became silent, and was never afterwards heard to complain.

We seldom commit a greater error than that of repining at our trials and afflictions, for our heavenly Father often renders these the medium of his greatest mercies. "No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby." The complaining horseshoe, *though* a fiction in the fable, is a fact when

applied to mankind; for multitudes of repin
have become dumb, when experience has prov
the value of their bitterest trials. Fear t
Lord, love him, and trust him, and then—

If properly improved, thy grief, and pains,
And heaviest losses, all will turn to gains;
Hope, peace, and joy, from trouble will arise,
To bless thee, and prepare thee for the skies.

THE NIGHT-SEASON.

When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply.

THE season of night is a season of quiet, tranquillity, and peace; the labourer has ceased his work, and the tradesman his traffic. The turmoil of the day is terminated, and the hubbub is over. No more is seen the smoking chimney and the hurrying throng. No longer is heard the clicking loom and the clanging hammer. The workshop, the counting-house, and the exchange, are closed. The stars light up the sky, the moon walks forth in her majesty, and man retires to his repose.

The night-season pours its oil and balm into the wounds that we daily receive in the battle of life. The disappointed spirit becomes more reconciled, the ruffled temper is soothed, the angry fires that glow within us expire for want of fuel, and sleep robs us of our cherished animosities. These are among the manifold blessings that night bestows.

The night-season is a necessary and pleasant

break into the daily routine of our lives. It gives relief to the screwed up energies of enterprise, and removes from the mind the weight of its responsibilities. It affords an interval of repose, an opportunity for thoughtfulness, a pause for preparation, and a breathing time in our wrestling with the world.

The night-season is a season of mercy conferred upon us by a merciful God, for a merciful purpose. Then gentle sleep falls upon us, refreshing our wearied bodies, and effectually restoring the disturbed tranquillity of our minds. Then exhausted nature sinks into oblivious forgetfulness of pain and care, and gains strength for its future exertions. Gently do we lie down, and sweetly do we take our rest, for the Lord sustaineth us.

Who is there that in his commerce with the world falls not into errors? The sleepless hours of night are often profitably employed in a calm revision of the occurrences of the day. Haply we have spoken hasty words, done unkind deeds, failed in paying due respect, and neglected those who have a claim on our attention. With our heads on our pillows, and darkness around us, we can rectify our mistakes, recall our angry epithets, determine to pay respect to all, and resolve to make restitution.

In the day we are exposed to many temptations from which in the night we are free. We retire, as it were, into our own hearts. We have no fawners to deceive us; no flatterers to praise us, and make us think more highly of ourselves than we ought to think. Conscience and truth speak, and will be heard. Truly the night-season is a suitable time to catechise ourselves. Whence came I? Where am I? and Whither shall I go? are in the night-season questions which sink into our souls.

We have troubles that are known only to ourselves, and to Him who knoweth all things; and in the night-season we spread them before the Lord. We supplicate his aid, feelingly, fervently, and vehemently, and make our vows unto him. We say, "Lord, if thou wilt give me the thing I desire," or, "Lord, if thou wilt remove the thing that I fear, then will I turn unto thee with full purpose of heart; then will I be thy servant for ever." The night-season is often a humbling season, an outpouring season for the soul, a season of mourning, of relief, of consolation and joy.

We have most of us lost some that we have loved; it may be a beloved son in whom we rejoiced, or a dear daughter in whom we delighted, or both; and in the night-season we

commune with them in our minds. We remember them as they were, and indulge our affections; we think of them as they are, and we stretch forward into an eternal world, rending the veil that separates us, and realize that day, when we hope, nay, trust, again to be united to them. In the midst of our tearful reminiscences we take heart: "I know that my Redeemer liveth," comes to our relief, and the words also, "I am the Resurrection, and the Life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die," John xi. 25, 26.

True it is, that in the night season we have often strange dreams. We get into situations of danger, and circumstances of overwhelming trouble. We appear to be so cast into the horrible pit and the miry clay, that there is no hope for us. We are down, and we can never rise up again; but then, in the season of our extremity, we awake, and behold! it is a dream.

The season of night defends us from so many evils, and confers upon us so many blessings, that we cannot be sufficiently grateful for so invaluable a gift. In that blessed world which is to come it will not be required; there will be no night there. In the presence of the Lord there

will be fulness of joy and pleasures for evermore. "Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever," Rev. v. 13.

IS THERE A GOD?

Now breathes the ruddy *morn* around
Her health restoring gales,
And from the chambers of the east
A flood of light prevails.

Is there a God? Yon rising sun
An answer meet supplies;
Writes it in flame upon the earth,
Proclaims it round the skies.

The pendent clouds that curtain round
This sublunary ball,
And firmament on high declare
A God that governs all.

The warbling lark in realms of air,
Has trill'd her matin lay;
The balmy breeze of morn is fled,
It is the *noon* of day.

Is there a God? Hark! from on high
His thunder shakes the poles:
I hear his voice in every wind,
In every wave that rolls.

I read a record of his love,
His wisdom, and his power,
Inscribed on all created things,
Man, beast, and herb, and flower.

The sultry sun has left the skies,
And day's delights are flown;
The owlet screams amid the shade,
And *night* resumes her throne.

Is there a God? With sacred fear
I upward turn mine eyes;
There is, each glittering lamp of light—
There is! my soul replies.

If such convictions to my brain
His works alone impart;
Oh, may the wisdom of his word
Inscribe them on my heart!

That while I ponder on his deeds,
And read his truths Divine,
Nature may point me to a God,
And grace may make him mine.

HOW DO YOU GET ON?

"How do you get on?" is a very common-place inquiry: we have all asked it and answered it again and again. But common-place as is the question, it is an important one, and capable of a very extended application. True it is that the phrase belongs more to low life, than to the more refined circles of society; yet is it not on this account to be passed by. He who would get wisdom, must both climb and stoop to attain it, as the botanist gathers his plants from the highest hills and the lowest valleys.

Most of us learn much more from low life than from high life—at least I do—and for this simple reason, it is easier to get at. Where I speak once to a nobleman, I speak many times to a poor man; and for every ride I have in a carriage-and-four, I have at least a hundred in an omnibus.

"How do you get on?" said a ruddy-faced man to one habited in a great coat, whose cheeks were thin and pale. "Very slowly," replied the invalid. "This ague that has laid hold of me,

has almost brought me to death's door. Last week I shook till my teeth chattered in my head, and yesterday I was in a high fever, with hot skin, full pulse, furred tongue, and a headache almost unbearable. My doctor says that if I do not get out of the house I now live in, all the medicine in the world will never keep me well, for that the marshy ground about it is enough to give the ague to anybody."

This conversation, taking place as it did in my hearing, set me thinking of the difficulty there was in getting health, and I pitied from my heart, not only the man with the ague, but every son and daughter of Adam who had to pass through the furnace of affliction. The lesson, whether obtained from high or low life, that teaches us to feel for others, is worth learning. A wondrous thing it is, knowing as we all do, that we have but a life-interest in this world, that we are not more anxious to secure a freehold in the world that is to come.

"How do you get on?" said a well-to-do sort of a man, seemingly in trade, to another who appeared to be a tradesman too, but sadly under the weather. "Get on!" replied he; "not at all; it is quite as much as I can do to keep on my legs. My prices are lower than they were, while all the materials I use are rising; and then

what do you think of coals being three pounds a ton? I tell my wife to get ready with the children to move to a bigger house—the union workhouse; and if things go on much longer as they now do, it may turn out to be no joke after all."

I listened to the poor tradesman's account with much sympathy, for it is a hard thing, with a wife and children, to look coming poverty in the face without shrinking. I was not sorry that his words had reached my ears, for they made me feel for all who were struggling to maintain their position in the world. Truly a man had need to seek, through Christ, a home above the stars, seeing that there is so much trouble below them.

"How do you get on?" said one young man to another who was studying medicine and surgery at a London college. "Oh! it is no easy work to get on at all, for what with reading, attending to the patients, dissecting, and hearing lectures, I can hardly tell which way to look. General and structural anatomy of themselves, to say nothing of medicine and chemistry, will take a lifetime fully to understand them. Why, there are in the human frame two hundred and forty-six bones, and we ought to be as much at home with them as with our old gloves. But

what are these compared with the muscles, veins, arteries, and other parts of the human frame? I heard a lecture yesterday that will set me thinking for a month. To tell the truth, I get on very slowly."

Ay, thought I, it is up-hill work to acquire knowledge of any kind. What the student said made me think it was a sad pity that so much time should be wasted as there is in the world, when so much of it was needed to obtain knowledge.

"How do you get on?" said one old man to another as they came out of a place of Divine worship together, one sabbath day. "Slow enough," was the reply, "but the gracious discourse we have heard is just the thing to quicken us both in running the race that is set before us. Blessed be God for the gift of his ministering servants, for without them and his quickening grace, we should be more like crawling tortoises than harts panting for the water brooks."

The remark appeared to me to be only too true; it led me, however, to estimate God's ministers more highly, and to be more anxious for the quickening influences of the Holy Spirit. From all these instances we may gather the fact that it is not easy to gain health, wealth, or

knowledge, and that we must be diligent to use the means, if we would make rapid progress in our heavenward course.

Reader! how do you get on with your health? What with food, clothing, lodging, fuel, and medicine, these perishable bodies of ours cost us a pretty sum of money; but it will only be for a time. How do you bear your bodily afflictions? Some think too much of them; how is it with you? "It may be," as that good man Brooks has it, "they are not great, if you look upon them with Scripture spectacles. Flesh and blood many times look upon mole-hills as mountains, and scratches upon the hand as stabs at the heart; we make elephants of flies, and of little pigmies we frame giants. Carnal reason often looks upon troubles through false glasses. As there are some glasses that will make great things seem little, so there are others that will make little things seem great; and it may be that thou lookest upon thy afflictions through one of them. Look upon thy afflictions in the glass of the word, look upon them in a Scripture dress, and then they will be found to be but little. He that shall look into a gospel glass, shall be able to say, 'Heavy afflictions are light, long afflictions are short, bitter afflictions are

sweet, and great afflictions are little.' It is good to make a judgment of your afflictions by a gospel light, and by a gospel rule."

How do you get on in your circumstances? If you are rich, are you thankful? If you are poor, are you humble, patient, and content with God's dealings with you? A gracious text is that in the sixth chapter of Timothy, and as true as it is gracious: "Godliness with contentment is great gain." Whatever we gain is God's gift, and if we lose all, "is there not enough in God still? Are his consolations small? The fountain is as full as ever." "Oh the depths of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!" Rom. xi. 33.

How do you get on in the way of obtaining knowledge? The way to be wise is this: seek after such knowledge and wisdom as is best worth attaining, and endeavour to possess yourself of it in the best way. Follow this rule, and with God's help you will not fail to be wise. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom: a good understanding have all they that do his commandments," Psa. cxi. 10.

And now, how do you get on in your pilgrimage to the celestial city? This question is of more importance than all the rest put together.

Never mind how much it may puzzle you; do your best to reply to it. If your answer be satisfactory, so much the better, and if not, it may set you on "redeeming the time." Of this be assured, that the health and strength of Samson, the riches of Tyre, Babylon, and Jerusalem, and the knowledge and wisdom of king Solomon, would be altogether worthless to you unless, through God's grace and a saving faith in his Son Jesus Christ, your heart and your hope were set on heaven.

Put the question, "How do I get on?" to yourself under these several particulars: answer it faithfully, and then you will not regret my having put it to you.

THE WRECK.

CLEAR was the sky and smooth the water, when, on a beautiful day, I walked on the cliffs opposite the sea. For some time the wind had been unfavourable for outward-bound ships, but at last it had changed, and the whole surface of the deep appeared to be adorned with masts and sails. More than two hundred ships of various kinds were at once visible, each pursuing her way through the trackless waters to a distant shore.

Freighted with men and merchandise, some of these were bound for Ireland, some for France, some for America, some for the East and West Indies, some for golden Australia, and some for China. I watched them with no common attention. "Fair breezes and God's blessing," said I, as they proceeded on their several courses. It was a sight to be remembered. Crowds from the parades, the sea-beach, and the Downs above the cliffs, were gazing on the glowing scene. Hope, with sparkling eyes,

was present, cheerfulness was abroad, and joy was keeping holiday.

Not many days had passed, when from the same place was witnessed a different scene. It was high water, and the sea was exceedingly rough. The crew of a schooner which had just discharged her cargo, did their best to get her off. All was done by them that men could do, but all was in vain, for the strain upon the vessel was so severe, that the moorings were pulled up, and the shore-tackle broken; she soon broached to, and drove on to leeward with the sea breaking furiously over her.

It was a sad sight to gaze on, when in the season of their extremity, the captain and crew were dragged by ropes through the surf to land, the wind howling, the waters roaring, and the schooner driven against the sea-wall, heavily beating and pounding the shingle with her hull.

Her keel could cleave the deep no more,
For the waves had beat and bound her;
And she lay a wreck on the shingly shore,
With the white foam raging round her.

Not long could the vessel hold together, for she was fir-built, old, and crazy. While the anxious and excited spectators that crowded the shore looked on, she split right across the

middle, her masts falling and her timbers parting asunder.

As I stood gazing alone the following day on the part of the hull that remained on the beach, my attention arrested by the bulged bows, the broken bulwarks, and the shivered timbers partly buried in the shingle, the tide washed against it with great force, sometimes nearly breaking over it, as though the raging deep would not give up its prey so long as a rib or spar remained visible.

"Be satisfied," said I, addressing the roaring ocean. "Have you not done mischief enough?—must your voracious and insatiable maw devour the last plank of the vessel you have destroyed?" But the only reply that I obtained, was a splash in the face from the next wave that broke against the wreck.

It just suited one of my disposition to muse on the shore above the broken hull whose ribs had been crushed, and whose bowsprit was deep bedded in the sea-soil, for while I was there, children came playfully to peep at the spectacle; well dressed visitors took a hasty survey, and departed; and aged men stood awhile with serious faces at the spot. I guessed their thoughts by my own. They could not choose but think of Him who alone can control the

wind and the waves: "The sea is his, and he made it, and his hands formed the dry land," Psa. xcv. 5.

"Guide us, heavenly Pilot, guide us,
Till the storms of life shall cease;
From the raging tempest hide us;
Bring us to the port of peace."

Such as live upon the coast, and are accustomed to witness shipwrecks, regard them with less emotion than strangers experience when gazing upon them. To me the scene was full of awful interest, pressing on my mind various considerations, such as the mighty power of ocean waves; the great danger to which mariners are exposed; the sympathy we ought to feel for them; and the necessity that they, and we, and all God's intelligent creatures should ever be looking to Him, in whom alone we "live and move, and have our being."

But the wreck of a vessel may suggest to our minds, also, the wreck of a soul; for many a soul that appeared to set out, like a ship on a prosperous voyage, has been wrecked, for ever wrecked, not in a storm, but in a calm: not when darkness prevailed, and the hurricanes of the earth were raging, but when all was tranquil, and sunbeams were shining around.

When a ship is wrecked, there is sometimes hope of escape; some friendly sail may opportunely heave in sight; the broken hull, dismantled and dismasted, may yet bear up against the storm; or the crew in the crisis of their danger, some by swimming, some on boards, and some on broken pieces of the ship, may get safe to land; but the wreck of a soul is nothing less than helpless, endless, irrevocable ruin.

> No wreck, where angry Ocean's billows roll,
> Is like the wreck and ruin of a soul.

It was long before I left the beach, and when I did so, the ocean waves were still dashing against the stranded hull of the broken vessel, fastened, as it was, to the shore with a chain cable. Sobered and solemnized by the mournful spectacle, I walked away in musing meditation. "What is man unless preserved by his Almighty Maker? At sea and on land he is in equal danger. Be thou my stay, O Lord, in every storm, that my faith may not suffer shipwreck. Give me grace so to love and trust thee,

That my soul in her need when the tempest is nigh,
May escape 'to the Rock that is higher than I.'"

THE HEATH-FLOWER.

And dost thou ask me why I wear
A heath-flower in this breast of care;
And idly gaze thereon and sigh?
Oh! there is hope in its purple dye:
It carries withal a form that's fair,
A healthy look and a cheerful air;
A sweeter scent and a brighter glow,
Than loveliest rose could ever throw.

Dim and distant is now the hour
When Beauty pluck'd the desert flower;
Pluck'd it with all its wild perfume,
And bade it in my bosom bloom;
And since that season, it bears a spell,
And I have loved it passing well;
And strangely has it blended been
With every past and sunny scene.

Nor does it speak of joy alone,
Of warbled airs and music flown;
Nor rising suns, nor moonlit beams,
Nor laughing hours, and golden dreams,
With all the dear delights that start
And crowd around the exulting heart;
Nor of Beauty's voice, nor water's fall,
But the wild witchery of them all.

And it breathes of other things to me;
Of mountain air, and of liberty;
Of tower and tree by lightning riven;
The storm and the warring wind of heaven.
Of mossy cairn and cromlech grey,
And maddening sounds of feud and fray;
Of stern contention, hope forlorn,
And banner rent, and tartan torn.

And there be deeper thoughts that dwell
Around it, that I may not tell;
Things that, alas! I cannot bear
To think upon without a tear.
Yes! there are bygone thoughts that dress
Its bonnie leaf with loveliness;
That cluster round its purple crest,
And bind it to my aching breast.

Come loveliest flower that glads the plain,
I'll plant thee in my breast again,
And thou shalt be in grief and tears,
The symbol of departed years;
Recalling back, amid the blast,
The sunny seasons of the past;
Though they be lost to this poor heart,
Yet memory with them cannot part.

Oh, there is a joy of the bosom given,
That smiles like thee on earth and heaven;
Exulting still mid spring and fall,
Blooming and blossoming through them all.

And there is a desolate state on earth
Drear as the heath that gave thee birth,
What time the lightning finds it fair,
And leaves it blasted, bleak, and bare.

There may be one upon earth like me,
Who loves this flower of sympathy;
To him it tells of a distant day,
Of dreams that were, and have passed away;
But none may know the thoughts that fly,
Nor the wayward, wild idolatry
That rushes through my heart of care,
When this same floweret blossoms there.

Be near my heart, thou little flower,
But live not in my mortal hour,
What time these eyes, in slumber deep,
Shall sleep their everlasting sleep:
For I may not mingle, when death is given,
The dream of earth with the hope of heaven;
Nor sink to my eternal rest,
A heath-flower withering on my breast.

WHAT ARE YOUR POINTS?

It has been said that every man has a "strong corner," the meaning of which expression is, that every man has a particular point or quality which in some degree distinguishes him from others; or that he has a hidden strength which circumstances alone make manifest. Whether this be true or not generally, it certainly is occasionally so in individual cases.

The different points, or prominent qualities among mankind are well worthy of our best attention, that we may emulate the good and avoid the evil. The humble and teachable pick up many a lesson, that the proud and opinionated pass by, or despise.

One man has faith, so that he looks up to his heavenly Father with such unbroken and unshaken trust, that come what will, he is never stricken down. Others are stopped in their course by molehills, but he removes mountains of difficulty, and never so much as doubts the attainment of his object. He seems to take as his motto the text, "The Lord God will help

me; therefore shall I not be confounded: therefore have I set my face like a flint, and I know that I shall not be ashamed," Isa. l. 7. Faith is the gift of God, and a precious gift it is; worth praying for, watching for, and striving for. Do you possess it? Is it one of your points? If so, happy are you.

Another has hope, in a very unusual degree, both in temporal and eternal things. He looks on the bright side of every event, and sees an oasis in every desert, and a glittering star in the blackest sky. Not only is he hopeful himself, but he makes others so. When he appears, his eye is lit up with animation; and when he speaks, his words are full of encouragement. "The darkest night has a day;" "Many a broken ship gets safe to land;" "Give it up? no, never!" "Hope on to the end," are words that are continually on his lips. He reminds his desponding Christian friends of the unchangeableness of the Saviour's love, and exhorts them not to fear the threatening storm.

"Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head."

In this way he encourages other hearts and

strengthens his own. While his desponding neighbours deplore the winter, he anticipates the summer; and when they look mournfully on the west, where the sun is setting to-night, he points cheerfully to the east, where it will rise to-morrow. If hope is not among your points, seek it with all your soul.

A third possesses charity or Christian love, that, mingling with his thoughts, his words, and his deeds, "hopeth all things," and "endureth all things." This is an excellent point indeed, and as rare as it is excellent and inestimable. "I am afraid that he is a faulty one," said a clergyman of a notorious offender; "but as I have some bad qualities which you have never seen, so he may have some good ones that you have never discovered." Well is it said of faith, hope, and charity, or love, that "the greatest of these is charity."

To know our points and to turn them to advantage, is true wisdom; to mistake them, and to undertake what we are not equal to perform, is great folly.

But if "every man has a strong corner," may it not be said with equal truth, that "every one has his weak side?" The illustrations which might be advanced to prove the latter remark, would greatly outnumber those that support the

former observation. There are bad points as well as good ones.

One man is proud and vain, not considering that "a man's pride shall bring him low." This point of his character he shows in his mien and his manner, his look and his language. He walks haughtily, speaks in a dictatorial way, and gives himself all manner of airs in his silly conceit. Pride and vanity puff up many a heart. A proud man, like a fish, is easily caught, if the bait is suited to his taste. "If," said an old fisherman, "I wanted to catch one simpleton, I would hook him with a bribe; if I wished to catch twenty, I would net them with promises: but if I desired to catch a hundred, I would poison them with flattery." If pride is one of your points, the sooner you get rid of it the better.

Another is deceitful, so that you are never safe with him. He plays different parts at different times; to-day he is a friend, and to-morrow an enemy. His language before your face and behind your back, never agree; the one is all fur, and the other all talon; "the words of his mouth are smoother than butter, but war is in his heart; his words are softer than oil, yet are they drawn swords." There is something so mean and pitiful in deceit, that it

deserves to be shot at as a target, and exposed to general ridicule.

A third is selfish. He is a perfect "I, by itself, I," all the centre of his own circle. Selfishness is as a blot on his brow, palpably visible to all, though unseen by himself. The apparent kindness of a selfish man is interested, and his seeming generosity is only "throwing a crab to catch an apple." Of all human failings, selfishness is one of the most common, and, when carried to an extreme, one of the most hateful. The poor may suffer, but the selfish man heeds it not; the houseless may shiver, but he wraps himself up in his own blanket, and is at ease; the hungry may perish, but what matters that? he has enough and to spare. This is one form of selfishness; but it has others that cannot be counted. Are you selfish?

Unnumber'd grateful tongues shall bless
That heart, where'er it goes,
That kindles at another's joy,
And weeps for other's woes.

In reviewing your qualities, remember that one good and useful point is worth more than a hundred that are neither good nor useful. We read in that instructive fable, "The Fox and the Cat," that though the cat had but one point,

it enabled her, on approach of the hounds, to run up a tree, and to get out of danger, while the fox, with all his cunning, and his thousand points, was overtaken by the dogs and torn to pieces. Bear in mind that a little Christian principle is better than much worldly shrewdness; and that faith, hope, and charity, will impart a thousand times more peace and joy, than pride, deceit, and selfishness.

Once more, what are your points? If they are good, encourage them; call them out, and bring them into full practice, that they may be as marrow to your bones; but if they are evil, pray against them, strive against them, and abandon them, lest they soil your garments, dim your hope, oppress your heart, and bring you to dishonour.

OLD HUMPHREY ON BIRTHDAYS.

Now is my time to write on this subject if I mean ever to write upon it at all, for it is my birthday, and my grey hairs tell me there must needs be some uncertainty as to its return. An hour ago, the postman gave his spirited double rap, and my table is tolerably well covered with letters and packages, the winged messengers of friendship and the kind offerings of affection. Every reader must have some interest in his own birthday, and in that of his friends; I will try, then, to be suitable in my remarks, and to teach both the merry and the mournful hearted.

A birthday in youth and prime is usually a sunshiny season; but as the sun of life declines, the returning period brings with it more earnest thought and more serious feeling. An old man can hardly avoid looking before and behind him; and thus, while young people on their birthdays, with their faces lit up with smiles, think only of the present, the aged on such occasions, with graver countenances, reflect on the past and the future. This is as it should

be. Age may be cheerful and yet thoughtful, and not to be the latter would supply a much more reasonable cause of regret than not being the former.

A birthday is oftentimes a harvest day of affectionate remembrances and tokens of good-will. Would that on this day I could give to others half the gratification that others have given me. How kindly do I feel towards my several correspondents, whose communications are full of free-hearted desires for my welfare:

Wishing me happy hours in endless store,
True friends, good health, all honour; nay, yet more,
That heaven-lit hope, and God-descended peace,
Which still remains when all things earthly cease.

Birthdays include all days in the calendar, for there is not one in the revolving year that is not a high-day and a holiday to some rejoicing heart; or a day of mournful recollection to some sorrowful spirit, as the birthday of one estimated and loved. Parents exult in the birthdays of their children, and children in those of their parents. A fond mother remembers, with tears, that it is the natal day of a son who is abroad, perhaps tossing on the billowy deep, or settled in some distant locality; and an

affectionate father calls to mind with a sob, which he vainly tries to suppress, that it is the birthday of a dear daughter in heaven, a day which, though now shrouded with gloom, used to be kept with festivity and rejoicing. Our birthdays while we are here will be remembered by ourselves, and perhaps when we are gone they will be borne in mind by others.

Who is there that has not, on many occasions, wished that he could soar towards the firmament and look down on the manifold pursuits and occupations of mankind? Could I now see the yearly jubilee of others' birthdays, what a chequered scene would be spread out before me! Hundreds who win their bread by daily toil are too much occupied in the hard, every-day duties and cares of life to think much of their birthdays; while others are altogether absorbed by the return of a season which brings to them so much of pleasure.

Just now I see in my fancy what I have often seen in reality (and few who have witnessed it are likely to forget it), the bright, beaming, bustling birthday of the sovereign, as it used to manifest itself at the general post-office, when mail-coaches, instead of mail-carts, were in fashion. A life, a cheerfulness, a merriment prevailed around, and the "birthday" was visible in

every face. The procession with horses in new harness and gay riband rosettes, the coachmen and guards in their flaring red coats, and the postmen riding before, made London alive. St. Martin's le Grand, Cheapside, St. Paul's Churchyard, Ludgate-hill, Fleet-street, the Strand, and Parliament-street, seemed to be keeping holiday. And then it was an animating sight, when the busy crowd assembled at night, to see the mails take their departure, piled up with leathern bags, the guards, armed with their blunderbusses, strapping them firmly together. As one says, "There go the Plymouth and Canterbury coaches up the street, and there go the York, the Birmingham, and the Holyhead down the street, with a dozen others, hurrying and driving along in different directions; coachmen and guards in their red coats, whips cracking, horses prancing, wheels clattering, horns blowing, and mail-coaches and mail-carts rattling over the stones—one of the noisiest, the busiest, and the most cheerful sights in all London."

And now rises in my memory a birthday scene, in which a rosy band of cottage children were the happy actors. It was in a dreamy nook, a worn-out quarry, sheltered from the hot sunbeams; a peaceful place garlanded with woodbines and hanging plants, and where all day long were

heard the hum of bees and songs of joyous birds. Around it grew straggling brambles laden with blackberries. There, grouped together, the happy-hearted children enjoyed their mimic feast, their acorn cups before them. Just as I looked down upon them from the high banks above, a sister wreathed her arms about the neck of her chubby-cheeked little brother. Amid many fair things, those children were the fairest. Love reigned among them, and the kiss went round. It was a gladdening sight, for that childish revel had in it a more real pleasure—

> A joy more sweet, and innocent, and pure,
> Than wealth can buy or festive halls secure.

Pleasant it is to see a bright, sparkling, lovable being, just mingling the girl with the woman, preparing her plans and marshalling her friends for her coming birthday. If she be a little interested in the new dress in which she is to appear, call it not by the ugly name of vanity. If for a season her heart is occupied in the varied amusements in which her guests are to engage, think her not of necessity either trifling or worldly minded. It is an accredited season of rejoicing—a privileged holiday. We of the grey hair are not to mould the world after our own antiquated fashion; we are not to

knit our brows and truss up the bodies and souls of the young with our own fancied forms of propriety; but rather, remembering our youthful days, to allow elbow-room for the more buoyant emotions of those who are younger than ourselves. Play, throbbing pulse; beat, happy heart; and a blessing light on the hours of your recreation. Young men and maidens, rejoice in the season of your youth; but never may your buoyant birthdays unfit you for the graver duties of life, or hinder you in your way to heaven.

Sometimes a birthday finds us recovering from an illness that has pulled down our strength and blanched our cheeks. How delightful in such a case, wearied with the fever-laden atmosphere of a sick chamber, from the opened casement to breathe the morning air, to look forth with strange delight, and then to wander abroad. Grateful to our senses are the commonest sights and sounds; how pleasant is the sunbeam, how balmy the breeze, how sweet the music of the birds! Our upturned eyes are moist with grateful tears. It is our birthday; again we are come forth to mingle with a bright and joyous world, and our hearts are filled with thankfulness and our mouths with praise.

As I before intimated aged people, even

though of cheerful disposition, have shadowy thoughts on their birthdays. They find themselves a year or two older than they had imagined, and look grave at the discovery. While noting down these remarks, I cannot choose but talk a little to myself.

"And now, my soul, another year
Of thy short life is past;
Thou canst not long continue here,
And this may be thy last:"

is very suitable language for my lip and my heart. I have one friend who has reached her ninety-third year; but how many have I had who were beckoned away to another world before they had reached my age! Few and far between are the friends of my earlier days, and those who have been called away greatly outnumber those that remain.

Would that every one had always a happy birthday, and that the dwelling-places of those who sit at the desk, labour at the loom, work in the mine, or wield the hammer, the saw, or the file, rung with grateful joy and light-hearted merriment! Would that on such occasions there was every cause for congratulation and rejoicing, and none for regret and lamentation! "It is," says one, "a poor heart that never rejoices;" and when is there a fitter season to

rejoice, than on the return of that day when we came into this breathing world, to help each other gratefully to enjoy, patiently to endure, and to do His holy will who has crowned us with tender mercies and loving-kindnesses!

Birthdays are mostly kept by the happy-hearted, for little are they recked of by those who have poverty and pain, sickness and sorrow, in their habitations. To the outcasts of the world, the return of the day of their birth must be rather an affliction, than a source of joy. The ruined spendthrift, the prisoner, and the felon, cannot but say in their hearts, "Oh that it were with me as in days that are past!" Yes, the unhappy set but little store by their birth-days, and would rather blot them out than remember them. Poor Job thought lightly enough of his, when his sons and his daughters were destroyed; his camels, asses, sheep, and oxen taken away; and his body so changed by sickness, that his very friends did not know him. What a mockery it would have been, in the depth of his destitution and darkness, to have paid him the compliment of wishing him "many happy returns!" What a keen and bitter susceptibility must he have had of his desolate condition, when he thus spoke of his birthday: "Let the day perish wherein I was born, and

the night in which it was said, There is a man child conceived. Let that day be darkness; let not God regard it from above.—As for that night, let darkness seize upon it; let it not be joined unto the days of the year.—Lo, let that night be solitary, let no joyful voice come therein. Let them curse it that curse the day, who are ready to raise up their mourning." I know not whether Job's birthday came round while he was in this trouble, but if so it must have been a day of darkness. It becomes us not, however, to despond in the hour of calamity; rather should we remember that it is as light a thing with God to lift up as to pull down; for of this same Job it is said, that the Lord blessed his latter end more than his beginning.

I must now bring my remarks to a close. We all like to be esteemed by those we respect, and none of us have any objection to be remembered on our birthdays by those who have a niche in our hearts; and whether the symbol of their affection or friendship assume the shape of a page of prose, a verse of poetry, an etching, a book-marker, a simple flower, or any other form, it is invested with the value that kindness always confers. Reader, what is the date of your birth? Have you ever made inquiry whether any good man came into the world or went

out of it on that day, that you might have some one to imitate? Or whether any bad man was born or died on that day, that you might shun his evil deeds? Have you given yourself the trouble to ascertain whether any event has ever occurred on that day calculated to awaken your wonder, increase your piety, or call forth your thankfulness? What a reproach to any one it must be to be born on the same date as Beveridge, Baxter, Watts, or Wesley, and yet be ungodly; or on the birthday of a Howard, a Wilberforce, or a Fry, and be hard-hearted and cruel! There are many ways of turning a birthday to account; and if no better method should occur to you, adopt at once the following advice of Old Humphrey, putting it in practice on your very next birthday:—Enjoy the present, think on the past, and prepare for the future. Call to mind your mercies, encourage thankfulness of heart, forgive such as have offended you, and try to make some aching heart happy. Hardly can I express a better wish for you than that which a kind correspondent has expressed for me:

"Many happy returns of the day of thy birth,
Many seasons of sunshine be given;
And may God, in his mercy, prepare thee on earth
For a birthday of glory in heaven."

OLD HUMPHREY TO HIS HONOURED ANCIENT, ON HER NINETIETH BIRTHDAY.

January 16, 1851.

HAIL! honoured Ancient. Once again
I take in hand this votive pen,
To briefly pour, as best I may,
A stanza on your natal day.
With *me* the changing scenes that fly
Are as they were in times gone by;
The earth is green, the heavens are blue:
How is it, honoured Friend, with *you?*

Not that I walk in pathways fair,
And feel no pain, and know no care;
My share have I of shade and smart,
But then the sunshine in my heart
Lights up the things my eyes behold,
And turns the seeming dross to gold.
Such is, in truth, *my* onward view:
How is it, honoured Friend, with *you?*

Amid the flitting seasons past,
The summer breeze, and autumn blast,
How have you borne the chequered strife
That marks this fitful, feverish life?

Has God illumed with light your ways,
And giv'n you tranquil nights and days?
His hand has held *me* hitherto:
How is it, honoured Friend, with *you?*

Say, does the Lord of life and love
Look down upon you from above,
And soothe your grief, and dry your tears,
And dissipate your rising fears?
Does He his sovereign grace impart,
To cheer with hope your fainting heart?
I find Him faithful, kind, and true:
How is it, honoured Friend, with *you?*

Will He, whose love has bless'd your brow
For ninety years, forsake you now?
No, never! His Almighty power
Will guard and guide you every hour.
My hope is strong that He will spread
A heavenly glory round your head.
His gifts to *me* are like the dew:
How is it, honoured Friend, with *you?*

This prayer I freely would impart,
The incense of a loving heart,
That peaceful seasons may arise,
And smooth your pathway to the skies.
Be yours with thankfulness to trace
A Saviour's all-abounding grace.
With *me* his praise is ever new:
Thus be it, honoured Friend, with *you!*

OLD HUMPHREY ON MITIGATIONS.

A GOOD and pleasant subject is a great advantage to an author. When he has to tell his reader unwelcome truths, and to oppose his opinions and his prejudices, it is sad up-hill work; but when, in a kind-hearted spirit, he hits on a subject in which he can take his reader with him, willing to be pleased or profited, it is like going down a gentle slope, all ease and effortless; down such a slope would I now go, discoursing on the subject of mitigations.

The great lexicographer tells us that a mitigation is an "abatement of anything penal, harsh, or painful." I shall apply the word as a reliever or lessener of the mental and bodily afflictions to which humanity is liable. A letter from a friend,* which now lies before me, has drawn my thoughts to this subject. Would that I could do it justice. Would that I could comfort the hearts of a thousand afflicted ones, by opening their eyes to discern the manifold

* The late Mr. W. F. Lloyd.

mitigations which surround them. One part of the letter runs thus :—

"Since I have been a cripple, I have become wondrously leg-wise, leg-considerate, and leg-sympathizing : this is one of the collateral advantages of lameness : but now for the mitigations. Old Humphrey must write a paper on this subject. I have derived much alleviation from acute pains from the electric chain. I get good spring water, and take it freely at night ; and twice in that season I take a cup of cocoa, having a fire in my bed-room all night. I have bought a pony phaeton, so that I can ride out daily and get fresh air. Now, if you cannot make a good paper on this subject, I shall think it your own fault, and perhaps give you an unmitigated admonition."

Though my good friend has, in this part of his letter, confined himself to a few only of the things that minister to his comfort, in another part he alludes to other sources of relief, and among them to the kind hearts by which he is surrounded. So far from quailing at his conditional threat, I am hopefully looking forward to a ride with him in his pony phaeton, fearless of his "unmitigated admonition."

Rightly considered, this subject of mitigations is a very consolatory one. In the days of my

childhood, I was once much interested in listening to the remarks of an American. "Our country," said he, "is much infested with poisonous reptiles, but we are not without our mitigations; for where rattlesnakes abound, rattlesnake herb grows, so that when bitten by the snake we chew the herb and are healed." This struck me at the time as a very merciful provision; but I need not pause to inquire into the truth of the allegation, having a much surer declaration in the Holy Scriptures of the merciful mitigations of our heavenly Father: "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee." "He stayeth his rough wind in the day of the east wind." "No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby."

Forty years ago, I knew a friend who was then in the full possession of all her faculties. She was wedded to one of the worthy of the world, who sometimes, when giving a lecture on geology to his friends, would playfully observe, in allusion to his partner, who was from Cornwall, that though the specimens of British gems on the table were not without their value, he had in his possession a Cornish diamond of much

greater value than they all. When I called upon her a few weeks ago, I found her quite blind; but she was not without her mitigations. She had learned to read her Bible in raised letters with her finger; she was looking forwards to a glorious abode, where the Lord would be her light, and her God her glory; and she sweetly observed to me, in a spirit of thankfulness, and not of repining, "At my time of life, you know, this affliction cannot be a long one." This is the way to meet our trials, to ameliorate our afflictions, to get all the comfort we can from our mitigations, and to make the best of our position.

Soon after this interview I visited the chamber of one whom for five and thirty years I had known as a trusty and faithful domestic. Heavily afflicted with cancer, she was, as she believed, on the very verge of an eternal world, but she was not without her mitigations. She had kind friends and necessary comforts; she was perfectly resigned to the righteous will of her heavenly Father, and looked alone, as a sinner, for salvation to the "Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world." I left her, saying to myself, "When the waves of Jordan rise around me, may my feet also be found on the 'Rock of Ages,' and my heart be fixed where alone true joys are to be found."

It was but yesterday that an account was related to me, by an eye-witness, of an affecting interview between two females; the one being blind, and the other deaf and dumb. The latter was introduced to the former as one who had never heard a sound; neither music, nor the melody of birds, nor the voice of affection, nor the words of holy writ, had ever entered her ear. The blind listener to this account lifted up her hands in thankfulness and unfeigned sympathy, saying, "I have heard all these sounds," and then deeply bewailed the sorrows of her more afflicted sister. But now, she that was deaf and dumb, shaking with emotion—for her eyes had been fixed on the lips of the blind speaker reading the meaning of her words—in her turn declared with thankfulness, speaking with her fingers, that her affliction was not half so heavy as was supposed. "If," said she, "I have heard no sounds, I have been mercifully kept from the evil and impurity of a deceitful tongue." Thus did these afflicted ones diminish their trials by dwelling on their mitigations.

Being "born to trouble as the sparks fly upward," afflictions must and will come to us all; it becomes us all then to look to our mitigations. I take it for granted, reader, that you have some open or secret cause of sorrow; some hope that

you cannot attain; some fear that you cannot avoid; or some care that it is difficult to endure. My advice is, whether your affliction be a light one or a heavy one; the head-ache or the heart-ache; a fractured limb or a wounded spirit; a suffering body or a desponding soul;—look to your mitigations. Be assured we are sadly over-rating our burdens and under-rating our benefits, if we cannot say,

> Though round us a shower of afflictions may fall,
> Our manifold mercies outnumber them all.

The patriarch Job sets us an excellent example of falling back on our mitigations; for he seems to have kept a sort of debtor and creditor account, not only of the present, but of the past. He looks not at a part of God's dealings with him, but at the whole, and exclaims: "What! shall we receive good at the hands of God, and not receive evil?" Are we doing as Job did, thankfully remembering our past mercies, and setting them against our present trials? This, whether we adopt it or not, is a wise course, an upright course, and the only course we ought to pursue.

Neither past mercies, present mercies, nor future mercies, should be forgotten in the long list of our mitigations; nor should we think

lightly of newly discovered alleviations, professional skill, medicine suited to our case, kind ministerial aid, the visits of affection and friendship, the gentle voice that soothes our griefs, and the kind hand that smoothes our pillow. When our trials are sharp, it is a comfort to know that they will be short; and let the worst come to the worst, we can look beyond them.

But, after all, our best mitigators will ever be God's word, God's promises, and God's presence. Having these, in all our weakness we may wage war with every trouble; whether it be care, poverty, sickness, pain, or death.

Men, brethren, kindreds, people, tongues, and nations,
Count up your mercies and your *mitigations*.

DO YOU KNOW HOW MUCH YOU ARE WORTH?

I ONCE heard of a man, nay, he was well known to me, of whom it was said, he was so rich that he knew not the amount of his wealth. Embarrassing as such a situation may be, it is the very position in which I now find myself. Yes, it is a truth, that, put down what I may, and calculate as I will, I do not know the full amount of my possessions.

Many men have larger estates than I have, and greater houses, and more money in the bank, and then they keep their carriages; but this does not signify. Large estates are not possessed without anxiety, I never buy them; great houses are seldom inhabited without great cares, I never live in one; I can take care of all my money without troubling the bank to do it for me; and I have good and sufficient reasons of my own for not keeping my carriage. If, reader, God has given you a grateful heart, and enabled you in any measure, having food and raiment to be therewith content, bear with me a little in

my light-hearted remarks, and give me credit for some end and object in making them. Haply they may be the not inappropriate precursors of more weighty observations, convincing you, that you are really richer than you suppose.

When I see, as I sometimes do, the iron chests and tin boxes of those who have title-deeds, securities, and other representatives of property in their possession, I say to myself, "What a comfort it is to me that my title-deeds require neither tin boxes nor iron chests." And if I see at the bank, when I happen to be there, which is a rare occurrence, a man pulling out of his breast pocket a huge leathern pocket-book bulging out with bank notes of different kinds, I again indulge in my pleasantry, thinking to myself, "Who would carry about with him such a huge, lumbering, unwieldly book as that? why I can contrive to carry my notes in a much narrower compass." No small mercy it is, when regarding those who are better off than ourselves, to be kept from envying our neighbours.

It is not quite a week since a friend kindly took me a drive for an hour or two in Hyde-park, at a time when "all the fashionable world" was said to be there; and truly if fine horses, fine coaches, fine footmen, and fine people can properly be considered a fair manifestation of

the fashionable world, it might be said, on that occasion, to have been very fairly represented. Reclining in their several vehicles,

Rank, beauty, wit, and wealth, lolled at their ease,
And looked around and drank the freshening breeze.

Accustomed as I am to common scenes, and companionizing as I do with less elevated people, I cannot meet with a duke on horseback followed by a groom much better mounted than himself; a duchess showy as a full blown peony, reclining in an open coronetted carriage, drawn by four beautiful greys; a lord in his Stanhope in easy chat with a popular baronet, and a lady and her lapdog in a well-cushioned coach with bay horses and bright harness;—I cannot, I say, meet such personages, with a crowd of others of similar station, without regarding them (not rudely, I hope) with much interest and curiosity. This was the case with me on the occasion to which I refer.

It was no small part of my gratification, to be able to see so many possessors of greatness and grandeur, without wishing to exchange positions with them, and without envying the wealthiest among them. Willingly, had I possessed the power, would I have made them all ten times happier than they were. It suddenly struck me

that the park was a public park, and that I, as one of the public, was one of its proprietors; nor did I know that any duke, duchess, lord, baronet, or lady in London had a better title to it than myself. I could walk, ride, and drive in it as often as I chose, and see the assembled throng there, and partake their gratification whenever I thought proper. "From this time forth," said I, "my share in the park must be regarded by me as a part of my property."

What a defence against peevishness and repining, "envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness," is a contented and grateful spirit! Where God has given it, he has given a treasure which we cannot too often acknowledge. Truly, "Godliness with contentment is great gain," 1 Tim. vi. 6.

The steward of a very wealthy squire (who was then on a sick bed, paralyzed and in pain, with little hope of ever rising from it), some time since took me over the estate on a fine, windy, sunshiny day. He told me the names of the farmers; he pointed to the hills and the valleys, the meadows, and the running brooks, and said that they all belonged to the squire. "Belong to him, poor man!" thought I, "they belong a great deal more to me than to him, for I can see them, ramble among them, and enjoy

them, while he can do neither the one nor the other. It seems that I am a rich man, after all. Many things are common to all God's creatures, like the balmy air and the glowing sunshine.

> The breezes blow, the warblers sing,
> For every living, breathing thing;
> And every bush, and every tree,
> Puts forth its leaves and buds for me.

Now was I not justified, taking into consideration my enjoyment and the lamentable condition of the wealthy squire, in thinking that my share in his estate was greater than his own? Oh that we were more alive than we are to the goodness of our heavenly Father, and more ready to acknowledge the benefits received at his hands!

It is not long since I walked through a picture gallery, rich in the productions of the old masters. I am fond of paintings, and really revelled in them. Among other pictures were some by the wonder-working pencils of Raffaelle, Carracci and Domenichino, Panini, Poussin, and Parmigiano, Titian, Rubens, Guido, and Leonardo da Vinci. But who was the owner of these costly specimens of art, these happy and surprising efforts of human genius? Alas! one who could derive little or no pleasure from the pos-

session of them, for he was blind. But though he had lost his sight, God had mercifully preserved me from the like affliction. Now I have a real interest in these paintings, ten times greater than that of their proprietor, because I can visit them again and again with increased pleasure. My property in this picture gallery, then, may fairly be added to my other possessions.

Often have I said it, and once more will I say it now, that a thankful heart will always have something to be thankful for.

I had lingered two or three hours in the sumptuous apartments and beautiful pleasure grounds of a stately castle, before I put the question, "And where is the noble owner of this goodly pile?" The answer was, "He is a fugitive beyond the seas. Involved in debts from which it will take him years of thrift to extricate himself, he is a banished man, and cannot set his foot on the threshold of his own inheritance."

> The ruined spendthrift left his native land,
> A wandering outcast on a foreign strand.

Here, then, while its owner was an exile, the castle ministered to my pleasure. I visited its noble hall, its state rooms, and its armoury; I mounted its ramparts and turrets, and roamed over its lawns, swept as they were by the de-

fulness and joy, I really know not how much I am worth; I cannot tell the amount of my possessions.

Christian reader, if God has given you a measure of content and thankfulness, you may approve my remarks; but if otherwise, I fear you will regard them as fanciful and foolish. Consider, however, how different the same landscape is when seen on a sunshiny day, to what it appears in gloomy weather. Depend upon it, bright as the sun is, and gloriously as he lights up the earth and the heavens, he is not more influential than content and thankfulness are in gilding the gifts of our heavenly Father. A quick-sightedness to perceive, and a grateful heart to feel and acknowledge Divine favours, are beyond price. Oh, pray for a grateful heart.

He that sees neither the flowers of earth beneath his feet, nor the stars of heaven above his head with joy, is in a pitiable case. Open your eye and your heart, or rather ask God to open them, that you may see him as he is, the friend of sinners, and the bountiful bestower of all things; then praise will have its way, breaking forth from the lip in the language of the psalmist, "Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Bless

the Lord, O my soul, and forget not a
benefits," Psa. ciii. 1, 2. "Oh that men
praise the Lord for his goodness, and f
wonderful works to the children of men,"
cvii. 15.

Take heed to this my closing remark
once you are enabled rightly to regard
earthly gift as the gift of God, and obtain
glimpse of the exceeding riches of his
in his kindness towards us through Christ
you will neither know how rich you are, n
able to express, even to your own heart
half the amount of your possessions.

ANTICIPATION OF HEAVEN.

I SEE within a temple bright
The shining ones appear.
In sparkling robes of living light,
And crystal raiment clear:
And some upon the threshold stand,
With looks of love and outstretch'd hand.

They seem as when on earth awhile,
Except their shining dress,
And then they wear a beaming smile
Of heavenly tenderness.
Their love-lit eyes are plain to view,
Their eager hands are stretch'd to you.

As yet you may not wing your way
To that eternal zone;
Your trials are not yet complete,
Your duties are not done:
Perform your Saviour's kind commands,
Lie patient in his holy hands.

Wait but awhile, and you shall soar
To that celestial crowd,
With songs in your Redeemer's praise,
And hallelujahs loud;
And meet where sorrows never pain,
With Christ and with his saints to reign.

THE BLACKBERRY GATHERER; OR, THE UNEXPECTED FEAST.

NEVER, surely, was man more fond of a blackberry than I am. With all its thorns, the bramble is a favourite with me; it first gives me pleasure with its purple stem, green leaves and white flowers, and then regales me with its delicious fruit.

It was autumn; more than half September had rolled away, and I had not plucked a single blackberry. I set off to a hedge which had often furnished me with a sumptuous feast. There the spiky thorn formed a barrier which cattle could not pass, and there the bramble flourished in all its glory. Alas! I was disappointed of my treat, for not a ripe berry could I find.

"Well," thought I, "though I reckoned on my entertainment, I must not take the matter to heart. True it is that I am thirsty, and very grateful would the juicy fruit have been to me, but I can do without it. Let me be thankful that I am not a toilworn pilgrim in the hot

desert, overwhelmed with the dreadful announcement, 'The well is dry.'"

Thus endeavouring to make the best of my little disappointment, I walked on, and soon after saw a poor fisherman coming towards me with a basket. The very sight of the basket encouraged both hope and expectation.

"Have you been gathering blackberries?" said I.

"I have, sir," replied the man, "but they are scarce enough, at present; by-and-by there will be enough of them."

As the man spoke, he removed the lid of his basket, that I might see his store; and a goodly store it was: some of the berries were certainly red, but the greater part of them were black.

"Do you sell them?" said I.

"No, sir," said he, "I never sell them; I get them for my wife, who is uncommonly fond of a blackberry pudding."

"That does not at all surprise me," said I. "The blackberry is good, eat it how you will. It is good cooked or uncooked, in a pudding or a pie, plucked from the bush, or picked from the basket. May I have a few?"

"As many as you like, sir," was his frank reply; so I set to work picking the tip-toppers from among them, taking as many as I chose,

dropping a sixpence into the basket for the man's children, if he had any, and feeling very thankful for so unexpected a feast.

"But why have you put these two sprays in your basket?" said I; "why do you not pull the berries off them?"

"They are for my wife, sir," said he; "I never go blackberrying without getting a spray or two of the best I can find for her, she is so uncommonly fond of them. You can't think, sir, how she likes the sprays."

"That is right," said I, "and I hope you will never give up so excellent a custom. That is the way to make a wife love you, for kindness begets kindness all the world over. Those two sprays are worth a whole basket full of blackberries. Of the pudding you will most likely have your share, but the sprays will be your wife's, and hers alone."

For some time the poor fisherman kept shaking up his basket, that I might pick out the best of its contents while I kept talking to him, not knowing which was the better pleased of the two. To me it was a double feast: much did I enjoy the blackberries, but still more the man's affection for his wife.

This unpretending, gentle deed, on the part of the poor fisherman, was an occurrence that just

suited me. While the sir Walter Raleighs of the world gallantly spread their costly mantles in the mire that royal feet may not be incommoded, and while such courtier-like actions are handed down to the admiration of posterity, be it mine to record the less questionable kindnesses of common life, that occur in the sphere of my own observation. And forgive me, ye admirers of sir Walter, if I rank the affection of a poor man for his wife higher than I do the dubious attentions of a courtier to his queen.

At a time when the violence of drunken husbands towards their wives is, alas! so much on the increase, justly calling forth public indignation, it is pleasant to meet with a case of a different kind. It was on the stile on the height above the vale of Ecclesbourne, Hastings, that the poor fisherman rested his basket, while I revelled in the banquet it provided for me. I am not likely to forget the place, the fisherman, the basket, or the blackberries.

Hastings, with thy parades and pleasant pathways, I owe thee much; for beneath His indulgent care, who has spread out the waters with his hand, spangled the sky with stars, and studded the bramble with blackberries, thy breezes have given me health, thy hills and dales added to my enjoyment, and thy sabbath heralds

of mercy ministered largely to my pe
blessing from above light on thy inh
thy mariners, and the stranger sojourning
thy gates, from St. Leonard's to Eccle
from the windmills to the sea, and f
barons of the Cinque Ports to the hous
the poor fisherman with his basket o
berries.

SWEET AND SOOTHING.

If in this world there are many things that are harsh and irritating, there are also many which are sweet and soothing; nor can we do better than garner up the latter in our memory, as anodynes to the daily cares that ruffle our temper and destroy our repose. The mind is more peaceful in contemplating a calm, than in dwelling on a storm, and we benefit ourselves more by reflecting on the meekness of the lamb, than in pondering on the ferocity of the wolf.

How sweet and soothing it is at the end of a day of care, passed in the battle of life and among the hard ways of men, to find ourselves once more in the calm quietude of a domestic home, solaced by the soft voices, and the kindly deeds of those we truly love! It is as an oasis in the desert to the pilgrim, or as the gentle breeze and cup of cool water to the thirsty and toil-worn traveller.

It steals the sting from every care,
The smart from every wound;
When love and tenderness prevail,
And gentle deeds abound.

It is said that, in the "Repos du Berger," or Shepherd's Rest, a hollow cleft in the Col de Julien, one of the central Alps, where once existed a little colony of pious Vaudois, there is now scarcely a trace of home and habitation. The long grass and wild weeds grow freely there, and the lark makes her nest among them and sings. There is something sweet, nay, very sweet, in the lark building her nest in the ruined homes of a by-gone generation of pious people, taking up, as it were, the song to her Maker where man had laid it down, and thus practically proclaiming the words of the last verse of the last of David's psalms, "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord."

There is often much that is sweet and soothing to be obtained from the outward creation, when the mind is in such a frame that it can take of temporal things and turn them to eternal purposes. It was thus with me the other day when walking in the open fields. I came suddenly upon an old blasted elm tree, that had no green leaf upon it, and only one branch; but that one, after striking out from the stem, abruptly altered its direction and pointed to the clouds. "A lesson for me in my age," cried I; "while I have an arm, a hand, a finger, yea, while I have my being, oh may the last desire of

my heart, like the remaining bough of the blasted tree, be still found directed to the skies."

Hardly can we forget the sweet and soothing influence which sometimes steals upon the mind when witnessing children in their childish sports. The merry laugh, the joyful spirit, the tender care shown towards the youngest of the group, the simple sources of their gratification, and the love that binds them together, all seem to read a lesson to the wrinkled brow and care-worn heart of man. Why cannot we, like children, be contented with little? Why cannot we all love one another?

Few things are more sweet and soothing than a walk in the open air, after an illness that has long confined us within doors. Pain has subdued us and fever has pulled us down, but we begin to take heart and hope; with a pale cheek and a languid frame, clothing ourselves for the occasion, we venture for the first time abroad. Leaning on our stick, feeble and tottering, we proceed, wondering at our temerity, till all at once, on turning the brow of the hill, the fresh breeze salutes us, the pleasant sunbeam cheers us, and the green fields stretching out before us greatly minister to our delight. We feel as he felt who was told to take up his bed and walk. We know that the mighty hand of God is upon

us for good. Our hearts melt within us at the remembrance of his mercy, and with swimming eyes and a faltering tongue we stammer out his praise.

"Thy hand alone, Almighty Lord,
Restored our fleeting breath;
Renew'd our strength, and led us forth
From sickness and from death."

Sometimes, without an intention on either part, an alienation takes place between Christian friends, to the great grief of both; and, oh, how sweet and soothing it is to find out at last that the whole originated in a mistake, a mere misunderstanding, and that, in reality, after all the bitterness and sorrow occasioned thereby, there never was at the bottom of the crucible of each other's hearts, anything but Christian love and Christian kindness.

Who has not, in the deep slumbers of the night, been under the dominion of some terrible dream? Some dreadful danger is at hand, from which there is no escape. Some fault has been committed by us, overwhelming us with shame and confusion; or some long-dreaded evil has come upon us that involves us in irrevocable ruin. Sweet and soothing it is, indeed, in such a fearful crisis, to awake and find it nothing but

a dream. Instead of distress, and terror, and despair, all is joy and thankfulness. He, who neither sleepeth nor slumbereth, has kept us through the night, restored our faculties for the day, and put a new song in our mouth, even praise and thanksgiving to God.

After the bereavement of a dear relative and friend, when the sorrowing heart has raised an ensign of rebellion against its Almighty Maker, calling in question his inscrutable decrees, and refusing to be comforted, there is something inexpressibly sweet and soothing, when, subdued by sorrow, our rebellious thoughts and idle feelings die within us, and we are enabled by Divine grace to smile amidst our tears and say, "I know, O Lord, that thy judgments are right, and that thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me," Psa. cxix. 75. Oh that we could always seek this solace in our bereavements, instead of madly doing battle against the Lord of hosts; for "who hath hardened himself against him, and hath prospered?" Job ix. 4.

Who, when in the flood of affliction the waters appeared to go over his soul; or when in the fiery trial the furnace has seemed to be seven times hotter than usual, has lighted, seemingly by accident, on that heart-sustaining text of Scripture, "When thou passest through the waters, I

will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee: for I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour," Isa. xliii. 2, 3—without finding and feeling it to be sweet and soothing? In such a season the consolation comes, "not as the word of men, but as it is in truth, the word of God," 1 Thess. ii. 13.

Such are some of the sweet and soothing ingredients in the cup of our existence; but sweeter, perhaps, and more soothing and encouraging than all, is the joyous moment when the saddened soul of a Christian man, suddenly enfranchised from doubts and darkness and the fear of death, temporal and eternal, is enabled by faith fully to believe and exult in that glorious declaration of his Redeemer, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die," John xi. 25, 26. Thus set at liberty, the newly awakened soul springs upwards in a path the eagle has not known, full of light, and life, and immortality.

" 'Tis something like the burst from death to life;
From the grave's cerements to the robes of heaven;
From sin's dominion, and from passion's strife,
To the pure freedom of a soul forgiven;
Where all the bonds of death and hell are riven,
And mortal puts on immortality;
Where mercy's hand hath turned the golden key,
And mercy's voice hath said, 'Rejoice, hy soul is free.'"

BONNY BELLEFIELD.

Bonny Bellefield, Bonny Bellefield,
I have not forgot the hour,
When I gazed upon the fairy forms
That flitted round thy bower.
Thy shrubbery seat, thy pendent swing,
Thy lawn and chestnut tree,
And everything that met my eye
Imparted joy to me.

Bonny Bellefield, Bonny Bellefield,
Thy fresh and balmy air
Has gently fann'd my burning brow,
Thy kindness soothed my care.
What time I flung thee my farewell,
I heard the midnight blast,
And threw a troubled glance around:
Perhaps it was the last.

Bonny Bellefield, Bonny Bellefield,
There is brightness on thy brow;
Thou tellest me of former friends,
But they are strangers now.
Enough, enough, I hurry on,
Though lone and lorn I be,
Bonny Bellefield, Bonny Bellefield,
I will yet remember thee.

MOODY MINDS AND SUNNY SPIRITS.

THERE are moody-minded Christians, naturally and habitually desponding. Bodily afflictions and worldly trials bow them down. Though true disciples of Christ, they are under the bondage of darkness and fear. With them joy is only an occasional visitor, sorrow a constant companion. The blue heavens and the beauties of creation neither charm their senses, nor soften their souls. The world is regarded by them too literally as a "waste-howling wilderness," and mankind as moths fluttering round a lighted taper, or as thoughtless beings sporting on the edge of a fearful precipice. They seem to think that man's mission is to mourn over his transgressions, to ponder on the judgments of the Lord, and to alarm their fellow sinners of the wrath that is to come. They too frequently pass by what is encouraging in God's holy word, and pore and ponder over the darker dispensations of the Almighty. Many are the men of this description, and such a man was Amos Dow.

There are sunny-spirited followers of the

Redeemer, who are ever disposed, with sparkling eyes and beating hearts, to rejoice in God's word and God's works. Wherever they are, a sense of goodness and mercy is with them. Revelation and creation both minister to their joy; for in both, to them, the same Almighty hand is visible. They see, or think they see, in the sunny glow, the blooming flower, and the sparkling stream, the beauty of love, the reflected smile of their indulgent heavenly Father. The timbrel is ever in their hands, and the burden of their song is, "O come, let us sing unto the Lord; let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation," Psa. xcv. 1. Men of this cast are sometimes seen, and such a man was Urban Lee.

The meeting of two such men seemed hardly desirable; for what sympathy could there be between them? What qualities could attract them, or what links bind them together? They did, however, meet, and at first, as might have been expected, one shrank from the other, as a needle recoils from the opposing end of the magnet. Amos considering the joyousness of Urban as inconsistent with the deep solemnity of holy things, and Urban regarding the gloom of Amos as an unamiable exhibition of the Christian character.

Wondrous are the workings of the human mind, and the influence of Christian principle over human affections. Both Amos and Urban, different as they were in other respects, had much of that Christian charity which "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things;" so that when they again met, the exercise of this grace led them to regard each other with more forbearance. Amos now soon discovered that Urban was not the light, surface character which he had taken him to be, but that his soul magnified the Lord, and truly rejoiced in God his Saviour. Nor was Urban Lee slow to perceive that the habitual gloom of Amos Dow arose not from discontent, or a bad temper, but from a godly sorrow for sin, and a deep conviction of his own unworthiness.

But not only did Amos and Urban do each other justice; they began, also, to take themselves to task for not possessing the qualities they could not but estimate in each other. The spirit of thankfulness which Amos saw in Urban reproved his own despondency, so that he fervently sought at the throne of grace that the language of his heart might be, "O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good; for his mercy endureth for ever," Psa. cxxxvi. 1. The

advantage on the part of Urban was equally great; for, feeling that he could lay no claim to that deep abhorrence of sin and jealous watchfulness over himself which was so strikingly set forth by Amos, he became anxious to profit by the example set before him. He began to inquire of himself whether his habitual cheerfulness was a mere animal impulse, or an emanation of true thankfulness to his loving Lord.

Christians of the most opposite characters may greatly benefit each other, by avoiding each other's failings, and striving after each other's graces. It was so in the friendship of Amos and Urban. Had the secret thoughts of the heart of Amos been made known in words, they might have been expressed in the following manner:

"How is it, after partaking of so many mercies, that I have been satisfied in praying to God, without praising him? How is it that for so many years I should have been blind to the grace of thankfulness? The language of David was, 'I will praise thee, O Lord, with my whole heart,' Psa. ix. 1; and here is this Urban always rejoicing, while I am always mourning. I am guilty in this thing; truly I have sinned against the Lord." And then came the prayer, "Make me more thankful for the hope that is in me,

through Christ. Lord, open thou my lips, and my mouth shall show forth thy praise."

The reflections of Urban Lee, though of a different kind, were not less profitable. "Have a care, Urban," thought he to himself, "lest you mistake your cheerful disposition for God's grace. Rejoice with trembling. Mark the humiliation of mind, the godly fear, the heart-searching integrity of Amos Dow, and let it lead you to more watchfulness and care." Thus was Urban humbled with a sense of his inferiority, as a Christian made more grateful for his mercies, and rendered more desirous to be found faithful in his heavenly calling.

Thus established in each other's regard, every day Amos and Urban became more united in Christian fellowship, and more truly serviceable to each other. Urban shedding a sunbeam of cheerfulness on the moody mind of Amos Dow, and the latter imparting a deeper tone of piety to the sunny spirit of Urban Lee.

Christians, expect not, hope not, desire not your fellow pilgrims to be the counterparts of yourselves. He who, rich in mercy, has called so great a variety of men to be fellow partakers of the gospel of Christ and fellow heirs of the kingdom of heaven, can so move the hearts of his people, that their different graces shall be

for each other's good and his glory. Go on your way, then, not only loving your gracious Lord, but also loving one another; bearing each other's burdens, forgiving each other's trespasses, avoiding each other's faults, and emulating each other's graces.

HASTE TO THE CROSS.

MORE than three thousand summers and winters have visited the earth since Moses raised, by Divine command, the brazen serpent in the wilderness. Since then kingdoms have risen and fallen, and the twelve tribes of the children of Israel been scattered into all lands. Prophets have prophesied; the Lord of life and glory has suffered on the cross; and apostles have borne witness to the truth, sealing their testimony with their blood. But not yet has that brazen serpent erected in the wilderness lost its signification. It was but the type, the symbol, of what was to take place in after years; for "as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life," John iii. 14, 15.

If the serpents of the wilderness stung their thousands, the serpents of sin have stung their ten thousands. The whole race of Adam have

been bitten. "All have sinned," and the righteous sentence of the Eternal has gone forth, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." To the cross, sinner, to the cross! The Son of man is lifted up! the Saviour of the world is the only cure.

To the cross without delay, ye high-minded and proud, for your disease is deadly, and your danger imminent. "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall," Prov. xvi. 18. The pride of your hearts has deceived you; ye are bitten, and the fiery venom is flowing in your veins. "Though thou exalt thyself as the eagle, and though thou set thy nest among the stars, thence will I bring thee down, saith the Lord," Obad. 4.

"Vain-glorious sinner, let this truth suffice,
The cross once seen is death to every vice;
Else He that hung there suffer'd all his pain,
Bled, groan'd, and agonized, and died in vain."

To the cross, ye bruised and broken, who, knowing your disease and danger, are smiting on your breasts, and crying aloud, "God be merciful to me a sinner." To you sin is exceedingly sinful; but there is balm in Gilead, and there is a physician there, and both will be found at the cross. Your plague will be

stayed, your leprosy will be healed, and the venom of your serpent-bite be taken away. "To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgivenesses, though we have rebelled against him," Dan. ix. 9. To the cross! "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near," Isa. lv. 6.

To the cross, ye covetous and worldly minded, who bow down to mammon and worship wealth. Know ye not that "the love of money is the root of all evil?" The fangs of the serpent, sin, have infected you from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot. The herbs of the field cannot heal you, the waters of the river cannot cleanse you. Every other way is hedged up; you must renounce your worldly mindedness, and hasten to the cross. Seek, and ye shall yet find mercy.

To the cross, ye careless ones, who know not the mortal malady with which you are seized. There is madness in your mirth, and weakness in your apparent strength. The time is short, and you have need to pass the time of your sojourning here in fear. Away to the cross! If you say that you have no sin, you deceive yourselves, and the truth is not in you; but if you confess your sins, God is faithful and

just to forgive you your sins, and to cleanse you from all unrighteousness.

To the cross, ye unbelievers and scoffers, lest ye be mocked when your fear cometh. You, too, have been sin-bitten, and the malignant poison, if not counteracted, will bring about your eternal woe. The word of God is true, whether believed or doubted; and death, and judgment, and heaven, and hell, are realities that cannot be scoffed away. Cover your sins, and ye shall not prosper; confess, and forsake them, and ye shall find mercy. The cross is your only refuge. Remember that the Lord cometh as a thief in the night: and what if he should find you unprepared?

To the cross, ye bold blasphemers, who give up yourselves to work iniquity with greediness, fearing neither God nor man, and glorying in your shame; for why should ye perish in your sins? Remember that while you are saying, Peace and safety, sudden destruction may come upon you. The serpent, sin, has bitten you without mercy, and the contagion is raging in your hearts. But look to the cross: "For the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we

should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world; looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ; who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works," Titus ii. 11, 14. To the cross without delay, for every hour is an hour of desperate danger.

To the cross, ye hypocrites and self-righteous; for ye have been deeply bitten, and have need to fear the bitter pangs of eternal death. Without aid your hope shall perish, and your trust be as a spider's web. If not cured by the blood shed on the cross, your end must be weeping and gnashing of teeth. A woe is pronounced against you, for ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which, indeed, appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness. But there is yet hope even for you, "for the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost," Luke xix. 10. Abhor yourselves in dust and ashes, and hasten to the cross, for He who hung there is "able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them," Heb. vii. 25.

To the cross, ye benighted and blindfolded

Israelites, whose eyes the fulfilment of prophecy has failed to open. To the cross, ye turbaned and crescented Mohammedans, followers of a false prophet and blind guide. To the cross, ye idolatrous pagans, who bow down to images of wood and stone. And to the cross, ye backsliding sinners, whatever may be the sum of your transgressions. You are bitten by the fiery serpent, sin, and the cross of Christ is your only cure. The brazen serpent healed the wounded body; Christ restores the sin-stricken soul The brazen serpent added to the days of him who gazed thereon; but the life of Him who hung on the cross is a death unto sin, a new birth unto righteousness, a sure and certain hope of heavenly glory, and an unfailing promise of a life that shall endure for ever.

IF THE CROSS BE THY ANCHOR.

Lines addressed to the late Rev. R. H. Shepherd, in answer to his Lines entitled, "The Cross is my Anchor."

If the Cross be thy Anchor, thy pilot must be
That Saviour that walk'd on the fathomless sea;
Who reproved and controll'd the proud waves at his will,
And spoke "peace" to the tempest, and bade it "be still."

If the Cross be thy Anchor, no harm can be hurl'd
On thy head when the whirlwind is vexing the world;
Innoxious the flash shall disfigure the sky,
And the red bolt of ruin pass harmlessly by.

If the Cross be thy Anchor, by sceptics abhorr'd,
And thy cable the ne'er failing word of the Lord;
Thy voyage is safe, and thy haven secure,
And for time and eternity thou shalt endure.

If the Cross be thy Anchor, then blest is thy lot,
For the crash of creation shall injure thee not;
With the trump that shall wake the wide world with alarms,
Thy Saviour will hasten thee home to his arms.

I HAVE NONE BUT GOD LEFT NOW!

"I HAVE none but God left now!" said a poor widow, who had been freely pouring out her troubles to an aged friend. She was dressed in black, and had years on her brow, while her face had in it a mournful and anxious expression; but the relation of her sorrows seemed to give relief to her heart.

By the poor widow's account she had passed through deep waters of affliction, and endured, as she said, more than her "share of trouble." One of her two children had been drowned, and the other was then in a lunatic asylum. She had lost her brother and sister, and only three weeks before had buried her husband, being left alone, and in poverty. "All the day long," said she, "I am grieving; and when I wake in the morning, my pillow is wet with tears. Everything seems to have melted away, and I have none but God left now."

"None but God left now!" poor, broken-hearted pilgrim. Knowest thou Him who is yet left to thee? Hast thou felt that God is good?

Hast thou tasted that the Lord is gracious? If not, no wonder, then, thy trouble is heavier than thou canst bear. Hasten to him with thy burden. "Wait on the Lord; be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the Lord;" for then thy language will soon be, "Blessed be the Lord, because he hath heard the voice of my supplications. The Lord is my strength and my shield; my heart trusted in him, and I am helped: therefore my heart greatly rejoiceth; and with my song will I praise him," Psa. xxviii. 6, 7.

"None but God left now!" poor desolate widow, "tossed with tempest, and not comforted." He who has cast thee down can raise thee up. He who has wounded thee can heal thee; and he who has bereaved thee, can be to thee more than a husband, and give thee a better heritage than that of sons and daughters. Full as thy cup is of sorrow, peace and joy may yet be thy portion, for the promise of the Redeemer is gone forth: "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," Matt. xi. 28.

"None but God left now!" poor, poverty-stricken mourner. Knowest thou not that the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; the silver and the gold, the beasts of the forest.

and the cattle on a thousand hills? Thy desir are not so large as his possessions. There nothing that is good for thee that he cann bestow. He can wipe the tears from thy wee ing eyes, bind up the bones which he has broke change thy gloom into gladness, and fill th mouth and thy heart with thanksgiving.

Up and be doing, broken-hearted pilgri Onward and upward, desolate widow. To th home, poverty-stricken mourner. If thou ha God left, then hast thou more need to prai him on an instrument of ten strings, than hang thy harp on the willows. Go boldly to e ever-open throne of grace. "Ask, and it sha be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knoc and it shall be opened unto you," Matt. vii. 7

POETICAL MISCELLANIES.

EVIL PASSIONS.

FIERCE is the eagle in his pride,
The vulture in the air,
The tiger in the forest wide,
The lion in his lair;
But birds of prey, and savage beasts
Are not so fierce and fell
In all their rage, as human breasts,
Where evil passions dwell.

EARTHLY JOY.

Lady, wouldst thou be blest? Then plume thy wings,
And seek with all thy soul eternal things.
All worldly bliss is but an empty breath,
That fails in life, and fades away in death.
Fortune may favour, Fancy may beguile,
Hope wave her golden wings, and sweetly smile;
But sad Experience, with a brow o'ercast,
Sighing with grief, and pointing to the past,
Whispers, the fair illusion to destroy,
That "joy unmingled is not earthly joy."

MAN'S FRAILTY.

Though strong to run his heavenly course,
The sun in glory rise;
How soon, alas! his parting beam
Forsakes the western skies.
So man, exulting, thoughtless man,
Breaks through the glare and gloom
That mark his little earthly hour,
Then drops into the tomb.

ON ENTERING A NEW HABITATION.

Almighty Lord, where'er our tent may stand,
Our Shepherd be; guard us on every hand.
With grace and goodness guide us on our way
Go where we go, and where we tarry, stay.

THE DRUNKARD'S CHAINS.

The negro is manacled against his will;
Not so the drunkard; he has sought
The bondage that his sins have wrought;
And he may cry, amid his pains
And his despair, "I made my chains."

AFFLICTION.

Welcome that axe, though sharp its edge may b
That lops the ailing branch, and spares the tree

TO A SUFFERING AND DEPRESSED FRIEND,

Accompanied with a Spray of Roses.

Let God be thy refuge,
  Whate'er be thy lot;
The world may change round thee,
  But he changes not.

There's a flower in the meadow,
  There is fruit on the tree,
And a bright beam of sunshine,
  Still waiting for thee.

WHEN SHALL WE THREE MEET AGAIN?

"When shall we three meet again,"
Free from sin, and grief, and pain?
When eternity shall spread
Its shadows; when the quick and dead,
Echoing through the vast profound,
Hear the clanging trumpet sound;
Free from sin, and grief, and pain,
Then may "we three meet again."

THE CROSS OF CALVARY.

Written for the Child's Companion.

And did my Saviour, fill'd with love,
  And pity, leave the realms above?
How great and sad my sins must be,
  That he should die at Calvary!

Oh, still may I, with grief and shame,
My dear Redeemer's love proclaim;
And loudly praise his mercy free,
Who bowed his head at Calvary.

When pondering on the pains he bore,
I love my Saviour more and more,
And bow my heart and bend my knee
To him who died at Calvary.

To him, with heart and tongue, I raise
My song of thankfulness and praise,
Who freely gave his life for me,
And bore my sins at Calvary.

CREATION AND REVELATION.

There is to him who reads the sacred page,
With knowledge, faith, humility, and love,
A sweet and healing influence in creation;
An alchymy that turns his griefs to gold.
The clear blue sky, the trees and verdant glebe,
The springing flower, and gently murmuring brook
All soothe the mind with pure and tranquil
thoughts;
E'en like a smiling, heavenly visitant,
Winning the weary heart from earthly ills;
Filling the mind with proofs of love Divine,
And pointing onwards to eternity

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